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MODERN POETRY;

AN EXTRACT FROM A POEM DELIVERED AT A LITERARY  
ANNIVERSARY.

—Now the feast declines, the pageant wanes,  
Yet, ere we part, one scene, one task remains ;  
One task remains yet, and around me wait  
Assembled crowds with treacherous hopes elate :  
Groups of each sex, all ages and degrees,—  
Some to be pleased have come, and some to please.  
Youth's radiant look, the sterner glance of age,  
The laughing gallery, and the sober stage,  
The sparkling medal, and the twinkling fan,  
The smile of woman and the frown of man  
Before me flit in ever ceaseless change.  
I see convened a medley quaint and strange—  
The man of merit, and the *soi disant*,  
The useful laborer, and the *dilettant*,  
I see the artist and the artisan,  
The man of letters and the lettered man ;  
Some with an alphabet tack'd to their name,  
And some beginners on the roll of fame ;  
Some high, some low in Learning's pedigree,  
The grave S. T. D. and the pert A. B.  
Some who obey laws, some who laws enact,  
Some Bachelors in title, some in fact.  
Masters of Arts, and Mistresses of Hearts,  
Parts of all parties, parties from all parts ;  
All, all are here, attendant on the Muse.  
Alas ! what theme, what numbers shall she choose,  
What offering worthy audience so select,  
'Tastes so refined, and judgement so correct.

In vain I search, bewildered and forlorn,  
The waste of themes, by countless numbers worn,  
That waste where earlier feet have left their traces,  
And happier lines once fell in pleasant places.

I'd fain sing something but I know not what ;  
 I'd sing the passions, but the day is hot—  
 I'd sing of heroes, but the theme is stale ;  
 Of would-be heroes, but the time would fail.  
 Of heavenly virtue I would chant the praise,  
 But heavenly themes demand angelic lays ;  
 Our country's glory, and fair Freedom's worth,  
 Are pleasing topics, (on July the fourth.)  
 I'd deal in Fiction, but all deal in that,  
 And Truth is too offensive, or too flat.  
 I'd deal in Humor, but what nerves can bear  
 The ten-fold horror of a failure there !  
 Pathos might please, but *Bathos* lies too near,  
 And smiles might greet me where I hoped a tear.  
 I'd rail at much, but caution seals my mouth,  
 I'd scold the Tariff—were I further South—  
 Woman, whose charms the poet's powers employ,  
 From Homer's Helen down to Betty Foy,  
 I will not sing,—nor Love's delicious dream,  
 Nor Friendship's golden ties,—a novel theme,  
 A theme unsung yet in these singing times,  
 Your Bard selects—'tis chiefly Modern Rhymes ;—  
 A spirit yet unknown on stage or page,  
 My song invokes—the Spirit of the Age.

O, thou! whate'er thy name, where'er thy home,  
 Whether with Symmes afar thou lovest to roam,  
 And, darkly hovering round the distant pole,  
 E'en now survey'st the new-discovered hole,—  
 Whether, on clouds of steam, thou sailest sublime,  
 O'er stream and lake, the genius of the clime,  
 Or whether down Niagara's awful tide,  
 It please thee more in fragile bark to ride ;—  
 Whether with German sages thou dost muse,  
 And in their brains strange theories infuse ;—  
 Perchance with Spurzheim and with Gall combined,  
 In human noddles still new bumps to find ;  
 Or, leagued with Hohenlohe, dost extend  
 Thy miracles to earth's remotest ends,  
 Strong in magnetic cures, that never failed  
 To cure the credulous when nothing ailed—  
 Come, Free Inquiry, Genius of Mankind !  
 And foremost leader in the march of Mind—  
 Be thou my Muse—each grace, each winning art  
 Of Poesy bestow, while I impart  
 Things unattempted yet by Bard or Sage  
 Of this most extraordinary Age.

Unblest the man who in this age would climb  
 Fame's airy height by plodding paths of rhyme.  
 Oh! thrice unblest, who, smit with love of fame,  
 Doth sigh for laurels to enwreath his name.  
 Rouse him, kind Spirit, from the phrenzied dream !  
 Let forms less witching on his darkness beam ;

Let sounds less treacherous drown Ambition's call  
 Whose honied tongue belies a heart of gall.  
 For him no laurels—but the ivy pale  
 Around his path its blistering vine shall trail;  
 And early cypress wave in sorrow there  
 To tell the havoc of untimely care.

Oh! thrice unblest! bereft of all these stays  
 That served to prop thy predecessors' lays;  
 Ne'er shalt thou sip the famed Castilian dew,  
 Whence happier minstrels inspiration drew;  
 Nor yet shalt thou from Hippocrene's wave,  
 Or Pythian fume, the sacred rapture crave;  
 Nor on Parnassus, to baptize thy lyre,  
 Mid snows perennial, catch the Delphian fire.  
 No Hippogriff for thee shall spread the wing,  
 For thee no Clio tune the votive string;  
 Nor, richer far, Pactolus in renown,  
 With Lydian wealth by Lydian numbers crown.  
 Alas! the hope of luxuries like these  
 Hath perished long—nipped by a northern breeze.  
 The Fates have quenched in Orcus' hopeless night  
 The Olympian Gods' irrevocable might.  
 Saturnia regna shall return no more,  
 Or flourish only in the minstrel's lore.  
 Thessalia's hills are mute, her fountains stale,  
 And Titan's sons o'er Saturn's race prevail.  
 The Muses—young no more but in the class  
 Of ancient damsels foremost—find, alas!—  
 That heavenly maids such earthly lot should share—  
 Their censor's many and their suitor's rare.

Yet still for rhymes the unsated public sigh,  
 And still for poems and poets is the cry.  
 Oh! yes, they love the tinkling of a verse,  
 As children love their rattles—and a terse,  
 Smooth stanzas, gliding glibly on the tongue,  
 Is swallowed eagerly by old and young.

And, haply, in some hearts, a taste more pure,  
 A holier love craves pleasures nobler, truer;  
 And music lends her spell,—the tide of song  
 Bursts forth and pours its witchery along.  
 And when, by beauty breathed—on dying notes  
 Of saddest music borne, the wild strain floats—  
 What heart unmoved can hear, what tongue confess  
 That earth has aught more rich in blessedness.

Oh! wondrous, wondrous is the flow of song!  
 A torrent deep and infinitely strong.  
 What time, triumphantly, its waters roll  
 In billowy tumult o'er the trembling soul;  
 Strange raptures start to life, and wild desire,  
 And the roused passions burning thoughts inspire.

The spirit pants for strife, for War's fierce game,  
 And wildly beats the pulse, and madly thrills the frame.  
 Oh then the whirlwind's rage, and the loud dash  
 Of the prone cataract, and the earthquake's crash,  
 Are Fancy's elements,—her eagle way  
 Is o'er Life's wildest seas, and from the spray  
 Of their lashed surges, and the setting sun,  
 She weaves a rainbow-arch, and smiling sits thereon.

Oh! wondrous, wondrous is the tide of song!  
 Now steal with gentle flow the waves along,  
 Gliding like youth and happiness away,  
 And breathe such music as befits the lay  
 Of angel-harps,—music that captive draws  
 The willing soul,—unknown, unasked the cause  
 Of the sweet bondage. Then unbidden flows  
 The pleasant tear,—forgetful of his woes,  
 The exile dreams of home—the bosom burns  
 With thoughts of other days,—lo! from their urns,  
 Loved forms! the dear, the early lost, arise,  
 And claim remembrance;—Friendship's broken ties  
 Are re-united,—and Love's vows renewed;—  
 And while each angry thought, each bitter feud  
 Forgotten sleeps—fond hopes the heart employ,  
 And joy grows strangely sad, and sorrow turns to joy.

Oh! wondrous, wondrous is the power of song!  
 To earthly thing no mightier powers belong.  
 Yet whence derived the influence of that spell,  
 Its sway o'er human passions,—none can tell.  
 But like that sage, who vainly burned to know  
 What caused his native stream to ebb and flow,  
 Nor finding, plunged despairing in the tide;—  
 Or, like the Grecian youth, who longing eyed  
 His form reflected in the mirror-wave,  
 And, deeming it some fair spirit, pining gave  
 His bosom to the stream,—so vainly, we  
 Explore the hidden springs of minstrelsy,  
 In vain would scan its tides, its mystic sway,  
 And on the stream are powerless borne away,  
 And wondering yield. Thus, like Narcissus we,—  
 Glassed in the mirrored wave of Poesy,—  
 Ourselves contemplate,—and, while lovelier there  
 Each lineament appears, each trait more fair,  
 Enamored of ourselves, the image fold,  
 And with ourselves enamored converse hold.

But whether roam I? led too far astray,  
 Once more, my Muse, resume thy proper lay.  
 I said the public voice was still for rhymes,  
 That poets were the produce of the times;  
 Whate'er the occasion, or however stale  
 The theme they chant, its chanters never fail.



Lo! a new theatre salutes the skies,  
 And straightway bards are bargained for the prize.  
 Christmas comes round, some Souvenir assigns  
 Twice twenty dollars for thrice twenty lines.  
 What countless wreaths of song, (bards! mourn their lot,)  
 Forgotten sleep in each 'Forget me not.'  
 And oh! the Album's dreaded page to fill,—  
 Some fair one asks a little offering still.  
 'Sir, you'll oblige me with a line or so,  
 You do write poetry sometimes, I know,'—  
 'Never to speak of, you'll excuse I trust;  
 I can't oblige you'—'Nay, Sir, but you must';  
 Alas! who can resist the fond appeal,  
 The favor must be granted, beg or steal.

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No lack of themes the modern poet knows,  
 But when all others fail, he sings his woes.  
 Talks of an unkind world, of blighted hopes,  
 Groans in short metre, moans in labored tropes.  
 Says, Love is fickle, woman's taste perverse,  
 And Friendship mockery, and life a curse.  
 Doles out Misanthropy for compensation,  
 Fills the Gazettes with well-paid lamentation;  
 In lines lugubrious, each a shilling dear,  
 Informs the public that his heart is sere;  
 Condemns mankind for clothing and for food,  
 And rails at life to gain a livelihood.

Like that famed boar, well known in northern tale,  
 Serimner named,—if aught the name avails,—  
 Who, for his Runic majesty's delight,  
 Was all day hunted, and devour'd at night,  
 And then with earliest dawn the life restored,  
 Chased as before, and slaughtered for the board;—  
 Thus doomed, for aye, Valhalla's sports to grace,  
 To deck the banquet, and to cheer the chase;—  
 So fare the themes, by modern bards pursued,  
 As oft exhausted, and as oft renewed.  
 Some poet mighty in the ranks of fame,  
 The Odin of the tribe, first starts the game,—  
 His call soon rouses an inferior sort,  
 And poetasters follow up the sport,  
 Eager alike for profit or renown,  
 The public watch the game, and run it down;  
 And now the scent grows warm, with vigor flush,  
 Forth from their slips the bloodhound journals rush;  
 In at the death, the larger ply their jaws,  
 The lesser stand aloof, and bark applause;  
 Till spent at length, death sets the victim free,  
 Killed, cut and quartered, by the Quarterly,  
 The game is dished, and for awhile forgot;—  
 When lo! once more—brief rest the times allot—

'T is reproduced, and hunted as before,  
A new Serimner, a perennial *boar*.

In Britain, see what modern bards have done,  
What profits gathered, and what laurels won.  
From epic Southey, vocal once a year,  
To love-lorn Landon, and Leigh Hunt sincere.  
Britain hath poets plenteous as her showers,  
And song *reigns* most, when most the welkin lours.  
There, thrives each tiller of poetic sward,  
The Grub Street scribbler, and the minstrel Lord ;  
There, female genius knows no Salique bann,  
And woman wins and wears the laurel-crown with man.

A pensioned rhymester England's monarch boasts,  
And England's shoe-blacks furnish us with hosts.  
' We keeps a poet,' Cockney traders say,  
Hired by the job, or bargained by the day ;—  
And dearer far to me those venal rhymes,  
Than some more favored in those favored times ;  
Those honied strains, so rich in flowers and showers,  
That tell of sunny hours and moon-lit bowers ;  
With tinsel charms, unprofitably gay,  
The Della Cruscan idols of the day.

Turn we from these to shapes of other mould,  
Let foreign climes their varied stores unfold ;—  
See German horrors rise in dark array,  
And German names more horrible than they,  
Amazed we hear of Werke and Gedichte,  
Of Schlegel, Schleiermacher, Richter, Fichte,  
And thou, great Goethe, whose illustrious name,  
So oft mis-spelt and mispronounced by fame,  
Still puzzles English jaws and English teeth,  
With Goty, Gurrte, Gewter, and Go-ethe.  
Oft ! oft, oft has it been my lot to hear  
Some name, delightful to a native ear,  
Traduced by tyro in Teutonic tongues,  
Who, with strain'd lips and vainly struggling lungs—  
While, haply, doubts his judgment long confuse  
Whether a Dutch or English form to choose,—  
At length, unable to accomplish either,  
Bursts forth in sounds uncouth, resembling neither.  
' Thus,' as saith Fielding, ' have I seen some fool,  
Who had his choice 'twixt this and that joint stool,  
To give the preference to either loth,  
And fondly coveting to sit on both,  
While the two stools his wavering choice confound,  
Between them both falls flat upon the ground.'

## OLD ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS.

## NUMBER FIVE.

BY WALTER W. WOLCOTT.

OF OWEN FELLTHAM but little is known, as regards those various incidents that go to make up the history of a man's life. It is in reality of very little consequence, however, when one was born, who his father was, or where he lived, though these facts may gratify the curiosity, provided he has done anything to outlive himself. If he has left behind him that which will benefit posterity, his name will be embalmed in the memories of the great and virtuous, while the less important incidents of his life will have long been consigned to the grave of oblivion. Some of the most prominent traits of our author's character are still preserved in his 'Resolves,' the only work of any celebrity which he is known to have written. This passed through twelve editions before the commencement of the present century. In one of these Resolves, written when quite a youth, he remarks of himself thus: 'I live in a rank, though not of the highest, yet affording more freedom, as being exempt from the suspicious cares which prick the bosom of the wealthy man. It is such as might content my betters, and such as Heaven smiles on with a gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage be firm and honest; and without these, who is well? I have necessities, and what is decent; and when I desire it, something for pleasure. Who hath more than is needful? If I be not so rich as to sow alms by sackfulls, even my mite is beyond the superfluity of wealth; and my pen, tongue, and my life, shall, I hope, help some to better treasure than the earth affords them. I have food convenient for me; and I sometimes find exercise to keep my body healthful; when I do, I make it my recreation, not my toil. My raiment is not of the worst, but good, and than that, let me never have better. I can be as warm in a good kersey, as a prince in a scarlet robe. I live where there is means of true salvation; my liberty is mine own; I can both frequent them and desire to profit by them.' What a striking picture of pure content, and how fully seems the prayer, 'give me neither poverty nor riches,' to have been granted! The memory of such a man should be cherished in after ages for such a pervading trait of character. Though subjected to the reverses of fortune, his peace of mind was never for a moment disturbed, and though gifted with a mind which was superior to that of his fellows, he never claimed that superiority. His own wisdom and the respect for others' feelings forbade such an assumption. It is remarked that 'his observations upon human conduct and manners are richly illustrated by that knowledge which can only be acquired by study in the closet;' and 'must have been primarily deduced from views of real life, and the study of man in the active pursuits and concerns of it.'



As has already been observed, his 'Resolves' is the only work of note which he is known to have written. His object is thus explained in his preface. He says, 'That I might curb my own wild passions, I have writ these: and if thou findest a line to mend thee, I shall think I have divulged it to purpose.' By making himself the primary object of these 'Resolves,' he has given an effect to them, which must necessarily come home to the hearts of his fellow beings. Such is their tenor.

'OF THE WORSHIP OF ADMIRATION. Whatsoever is rare and passionate, carries the soul to the thought of eternity, and by contemplation gives it some glimpses of more absolute perfection, than here it is capable of. When I see the royalty of a state-show at some unworsted solemnity, my thoughts present me something more royal than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can show me, I yet think there is something far more glorious; methinks I see a kind of higher perfection peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing strains of a sweet-toned voice, married to the warbles of an artful instrument, I apprehend by this a higher diapason, and do almost believe I hear a little deity whispering through the pory substance of the tongue. But this I can but grope after; I can neither find nor say what it is. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him to my own impatience. I cannot read some parts of Seneca, above two leaves together. He raises my soul to a contemplation, which sets me a thinking on more than I can imagine. So I am forced to cast him by and subside to an admiration. Such effects work poetry, when it looks to towering virtues. It gives up a man to raptures, and irradiates the soul with such high apprehensions, that all the glories which this world hath, hereby appears contemptible; of which the soft-souled Ovid gives a touch, when he complains the want.

"Impetus ille sacer, qui vatum pectora nutrit,  
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest."

Ex Ponto, iv. 2.

"That sacred vigor, which had wont, alone,  
T' enflame the poet's noble breast, is gone."

'But this is when these excellencies incline to gravity and seriousness. For otherwise light airs turn us into sprightly actions, which breathe away in loose laughter, not leaving half that impression behind them which serious considerations do; as if mirth were the excellence for the body, and meditation for the soul; as if one were for the contentment of this life, and the other eyeing to that of the life to come. All endeavors aspire to eminency; all eminencies do beget an admiration; and this makes me believe that contemplative admiration is a large part of the worship of the Deity. It is an admiration purely of the spirit, a more sublime bowing of the soul to the Godhead. And this it is which that Homer of philosopher avowed could bring a man to perfect happiness, if to his contemplation he joined a constant imitation of God, in justice, wisdom, holiness. Nothing can carry us so near to God and heaven as this. The mind can walk beyond the sight of the eye, and though in a cloud, can lift us into heaven while we live. Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it



his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As these states are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements, so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is my thinking. Surely God made so many varieties in his creatures as well for the inward soul as the outward senses; though he made them primarily for his own free will and glory. He was a monk of an honest age, that, being asked how he could endure that life without the pleasure of books, answered, "The nature of the creatures was his library, wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles."

'OF IDLENESS. The idle man is the barrenest piece of Earth in the orb. There is no creature that hath life but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restless world. Even the most venomous and most ravenous things that are, have their commodities as well as their annoyances, and they are ever engaged in some action which both profiteth the world and continues them in their natures' courses. Even the vegetables, wherein calm nature dwells, have their turns in fructifying; they leaf, they flower, they seed. Nay, creatures quite inanimate are (some) the most laborious in their motion. With what a cheerly face the golden sun chariots through the sky. How perpetual is the maiden moon, in her just and horned mutations. The fire, how restless in his quick and catching flames. In the air what transitions; and how fluctuous are the salted waves. Nor is the teeming earth weary, after so many thousand years' production. All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to showing through his unwashed face.

'Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can blow in any human mind. That ignorance is the most miserable which knows not what to do. The idle man is the dumb jack in a virginal; when all the others dance out a winning music, this, like a member out of joint, sullens the whole body with an ill disturbing laziness. I do not wonder to see some of our gentry grown well near the lowdest men of our land, since they are most of them so muffled in a non-employment. It is action that keeps the soul both sweet and sound, while lying still does rot it to an ordured noisomeness. Augustine imputes Esau's loss of the blessing partly to his slothfulness, that had rather receive meat than seek it. Surely exercise is the fattening food of the soul, without which she grows lank and thinly-parted.

'That the followers of great men are so much debauched, I believe to be want of employment; for the soul, impatient of an absolute recess, for want of the wholesome food of business, prays upon the lewder action. It is true, men learn to do ill, by doing what is next it, nothing. I believe Solomon meant the field of the sluggard, as well for the emblem of his mind, as

the certain index of his outward state. As the one is overgrown with thorns and briers, so is the other with vices and enormities. If any wonder how Ægisthus grew adulterate, the exit of the verse will tell him, "Desidiosus erat." When one would brag the blessings of the Roman state, that, since Carthage was razed and Greece subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear; says the best Scipio, "We now are most in danger; for while we want business and have no foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of vice and slothfulness."

'How bright does the soul grow with use and negotiation! With what proportioned sweetness does that family flourish, where but one laborious guide steereth in an ordered course! When Cleanthes had labored and gotten some coin, he shows it to his companions, and tells them that he now, if he will, can nourish another Cleanthes. Believe it, industry is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not joy with the incoming profit, it will not banish mischief from thy busied gates. There is a kind of good angel waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a laurel in his hand to crown her. Fortune, they said of old, should not be prayed unto but with the hands in motion. The bosomed fist beckons the approach of poverty, and leaves beside the noble head unguarded; but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that noble director. How unworthy was that man of the world that never did aught, but only lived and died. Though Epaminondas was severe, yet he was exemplary, when he found a soldier sleeping in his watch and run him through with his sword; as if he would bring the two brothers, death and sleep, to a meeting. And when he was blamed for that as cruelty, he says he did but leave him as he found him, dead.

It is none of the meanest happiness, to have a mind that loves a virtuous exercise. It is daily rising to blessedness and contentation. They are idle divines, that are not heavened in their lives above the unstudious man. Every one shall smell of that he is buried in; and those that stir among perfumes and spices shall, when they are gone, have still a grateful odor with them; so they that turn the leaves of the worthy writer, cannot but retain a smack of their long-lived author. They converse with virtue's soul, which he that writ did spread upon his lasting paper. Every good line adds sinew to his virtuous mind, and withal heals that vice which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I account it from the favoring heavens. That I have a mind sometimes inclining to use that liberty well, I think I may without ostentation be thankful for it as a bounty of the Deity. Sure I should be miserable if I did not love this business in my vacancy. I am glad of that leisure which gives me leisure to employ myself. If I should not grow better for it, yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue me; I should both keep myself from worse, and not have time to entertain the devil in.'

'OF WOMEN. Some are so uncharitable, as to think all women bad; and others are so credulous, as they believe they all are good. Sure, though every man speaks as he finds, there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole sex; which, in a strict examination, makes more for their honor than most men have acknowledged. At first she was created his equal; only the difference was in the sex; otherwise they both were

men. If we argue from the text, that male and female made man, so the man being put first, was worthier; I answer, so the evening and the morning was the first day; yet few will think the night the better. That man is made her governor, and so above her, I believe rather the punishment of her sin, than the prerogative of his worth. Had they both stood, it may be thought she had never been in that subjection; for then it had been no curse, but a continuance of her former estate, which had nothing but blessedness in it. Peter Martyr indeed is of opinion that man, before the fall, had priority. But Chrysostom, he says, does doubt it.

‘All will grant her body more admirable, more beautiful than man’s; fuller of curiosities and noble nature’s wonder, both for conception and fostering the producted birth. And can we think God would put a worse soul into a better body? When man was created, it is said, God made man; but when woman, it is said, God builded her; as if he had been about a frame of rarer rooms and more exact composition. And, without doubt, in her body she is much more wonderful; and by this we may think her so in her mind. Philosophy tells us, though the soul be not caused by the body, yet in the general it follows the temperament of it; so the comeliest outsides are naturally, for the most part virtuous within. If place can be any privilege, we shall find her built in paradise, when man was made without it.

‘It is certain they are by constitution colder than the boiling man; so by this more temperate. It is heat that transports man to immoderation and fury; it is that which hurries him to a savage and libidinous violence. Women are naturally the more modest, and modesty is the seat and dwelling place of virtue. Whence proceed the most abhorred villainies, but from a masculine, unblushing impudence? What a deal of sweetness do we find in a mild disposition! When a woman grows bold and daring we dislike her, and say she is too like a man; yet in ourselves we magnify what we condemn in her. Is not this injustice? Every man is so much the better, by how much he comes nearer to God. Man in nothing is more like him, than in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful than man; it being a sex wherein pith and compassion have dispersed far brighter rays. God is said to be love; and I am sure every where woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. It was never found, but in two men only, that their love exceeded that of the feminine sex; and if you observe them, you shall find they were both of melting dispositions.

‘I know, when they prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures; yet still the same reason gives it; for “*Optima corrupta pessima* :” “The best things corrupted, become the worst.” They are things, whose souls are of a more ductile temper, than the harder metal of man: so may be made both better and worse. The representatives of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true: and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not but at meetings men may very well vie words with them. It is true they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great actions. Natural heat does more actuate the stirring genius of man. Their easy natures make them somewhat more unresolute, whereby men have argued them of fear and inconstancy. But men have always held the parliament, and enacted their own wills without even hearing them speak; and then how easy it is to



conclude them guilty ! Besides, education makes more difference between men and them, than nature ; and all their aspirations are less noble, for they are only from their enemies, men. Diogenes snarled bitterly, when, walking with another, he spied two women talking, and said, " See, the viper and asp are changing poison." The poet was conceited that said, " After they were made ill," that " God made them fearful, that man might rule them ; otherwise they had been past dealing with." Catullus's conclusion was too general, to collect a deceit in all women, because he was not confident of his own.

" Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle  
Quam mihi ; non si se Jupiter ipse petat.  
Dicit : sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti.  
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua."

Carm. xix.

" My mistress swears, she'd leave all men for me ;  
Yea, though that Jove himself should suitor be.  
She says it : but what women swear to kind  
Loves, may be writ in rapid streams and wind."

'I am resolved to honor virtue, in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find more in women, than men, though weaker and more infirmly guarded. I believe they are better, and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many make me uncharitable to all ; nor the goodness of some make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more sweet and constant goodness in man, than I have found in women ; yet of these I have not found a number.'

'OF OSTENTATION. Vain-glory, at best, is but like a window-cushion, specious without, and garnished with the tasseled pendant ; but within, nothing but hay, or tow, or some such trash, not worth looking on. Where I have found a flood in the tongue, I have often found the heart empty. It is the hollow instrument that sounds loud ; and where the heart is full the tongue is seldom liberal. Certainly, he that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is inconsiderate, and knows not the slides and casualties that hang on man. If he had not an unworthy heart, he would rather stay till the world had found it, than so unworthily be his own prolocutor. If thou beest good, thou mayest be sure the world will know thee so. If thou beest bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse, while the actions of thy life confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the good thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine own worth, in drawing it up by so unseemly a bucket as thine own tongue.

'The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him so. Virtue is built upon herself. Flourishes are for networks ; better contextures need not any other additions. Phocion called bragging Laosthenes the cypress-tree ; which makes a fair show, but seldom bears any fruit, Why may he not be emblemed by the cozening fig-tree, that our Saviour cursed ? It is he that is conscious to himself of an inward defect, which, by the brazen bell of his tongue, would make the world believe that he had a church within. Yet, fool that he is ! this is the way to make men think the contrary, if it were so. Ostentation after, overthrows the action, which was good, and went before ; or at least it argues that good not done well. He that does good for praise only, fails



of the right end a good work ought to propound. He is virtuous that is so for virtue's sake. To do well, is as much applatise as a good man labors for. Whatsoever good work thy hand builds, is again pulled down by the folly of a boasting tongue. The blazings of the proud will go out in a stench and smoke. Their bragging will convert to shame. Saint Gregory has it wittily: "Sub hoste quem prosternit, moritur, qui de culpa quam superat elevatur." He both loseth the good he hath done, and hazardeth for shame with men. For clouds of disdain are commonly raised by the wind of ostentation.

'He that remembers too much his own virtues, teacheth others to object his vices. All are enemies to assuming men. When he would have more than his due, he seldom findeth so much. Whether it be out of jealousy, that by promulgating his virtues we vainly think he should rob us of the world's love, or whether we take his exalting himself to be our depression; or whether it be our envy; or that we are angry that he should so undervalue goodness, as despising her inward approbation, he should seek the uncertain warrant of men; or whether it be an instinct instamped in man, to dislike them; it is certain, no man can endure the puffs of a swelling mind. Nay, though the vaunts be true, they do but awaken scoffs; and instead of a clapping hand, they find a check with scorn. When a soldier bragged too much of a great scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus, if he did not get it when he looked back, as he fled. Certainly, when I hear a vaunting man, I shall think him like a piece that is charged but with powder, which, near at hand, gives a greater report than that which hath a bullet in it. If I have done any thing well, I never think the world is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to essential virtue by the hoarse clamor of the blundering rabble. If I have done ill, to boast the contrary, I will think, is like painting an old face, to make it still more ugly. If it be of any thing past, the world will talk of it though I be silent. If not, it is more noble to neglect fame, than seem to beg it. If it be of aught to come, I am foolish for speaking of that which I am not sure to perform. We disgrace the work of virtue, when we go about any way to seduce voices for her approbation.'

'OF READING AUTHORS. The comparison was very apt in the excellent Plutarch, that we ought to regard books as we would do sweetmeats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomeness; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most. But to speak clearly, though the profitableness may be much more in some authors than there is in others, yet it is very rare that the ingenious can be ill. He that hath wit to make his pen pleasant, will have much ado to separate it from being something profitable. A total levity will not take. A rich suit requires good stuff, as well as to be tinselled out with lace and ribbands. And certainly wit is very near akin to wisdom. If it be to take in general, or to last, we may find, it ought to be interwoven with some beautiful flowers of rhetoric; with the grateful scenting herbs of reason and philosophy, as well as with the simples of science, or physical plants, and the evergreen sentences of piety and profoundness. Even the looser poets have some divine preceptions. Though I cannot but think Martial's wit was much cleaner than his pen, yet he is sometimes grave as well as gamesome. And I do not find

but deep and solid matter, which it is understood, takes better than the light flashes and the skipping capers of fancy. Who is it will not be as delighted with the weighty and substantial lines of the Senecas and Plutarch, the crisped Sallust, the politic Tacitus, and the well-breathed Cicero, as with the frisks and dancings of the jocund and the airy poets?

‘Those abilities, that renowned authors furnish the world with, beget a kind of deified reverence in their future readers. Though even in the impartialness of war, Alphonsus wanted stones to carry on his siege of Cajeta, and none could be so conveniently had, as from Tully’s “Villa Formiana” that was near it; yet, for the noble regard he bore to his long past eloquence, he commanded his soldiers that they should not stir them. Composures that aim at wit alone, like the fountains and water-works in gardens, are but of use for recreation, after the travels and toils of more serious employments and studies. The palace and the constant dwelling is composed of solid and more durable marbles, that represent to after ages the ingenuity and magnificence of the architect. And as the house alone is no complete habitation without those decorations for delight, no more is the work of the brain on all sides furnished, without some sprightly conceits that may be intermixed to please.

“Nec placeat facies cui gelasinus abest.”

“No beauty has that face,  
Which wants a natural grace.”

‘Those romances are the best, that, besides the contexture for taking the fancy in their various accidents, give us the best ideas of morality, with the expressive emanations of wisdom and divine knowledge. Those that are light, and have only the gauderies of wit, are but for youth and greener years to toy withal. When we grow to riper age, we begin to leave such studies as sports and pastimes, that we outgrow by more maturity. Of this age Horace was, when he declared,

“Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono;  
Quod verum, atque decens curo, et rogo, et omnes in hoc sum:  
Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possum.”

Ep. lib. i. 1.

“Now rhymes and childish fancies quite are gone:  
The graceful truth I search; that rest upon,  
And well digested, gravely put it on.”

Jocular strains, they are but spring-flowers; which, though they please the eye, they yield but slender nourishment. They are the autumn fruits, that we must thrive and live by; the sage sayings, the rare examples, the noble enterprises, the handsome contrivances, the success of good and bad actions, the elevations of the Deity, the motives and incitements to virtue, and the like, are those that most build us up to the gallantry and perfection of man. I do not find but it may well become a man to pursue both the one and the other; to precept himself into the practice of virtue, and to fashion both his tongue and pen in the exercise of handsome and significant words. He that foundations not himself with the arts, will hardly be fit to go out doctor either to himself or others. In reading I will be careful for both, though not equally. The one serves to instruct the mind; the other enables her to tell what she hath learned; the one without the other is lame. What benefit

yields fire, if still raked up in ashes? Though flint may bear a flame in it, yet we prize it but little, because we cannot get it forth without knocking. He that hath worth in him, and cannot express it, is a chest of wood, perhaps containing a jewel; but who shall be better for it, when the key is lost? A good style does sometimes take him, that good matter would beat away. It is the gilding, that makes the wholesome pill be swallowed. Elegance either in tongue or pen, shows a man hath minded something besides sports and vice. It is graceful to speak or to write proper; nor is it easy to separate eloquence and sapience; for the first leads to the other, and is at least, the anti-court to the palace of wisdom. A good style, with good matter, consecrates a work to memory; and sometimes, while a man seeks but one, he is caught to be a servant of the other. The principal end of reading is to enrich the mind; the next, to improve the pen and tongue. It is much more gentle and suitable, when they shall appear all of a piece. Doubtless, that is the best work, where the Graces and the Muses meet.'

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## F U N E R A L   H Y M N .

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BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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PASTOR! thou from us art taken  
 In the glory of thy years,  
 As the oak by tempest shaken,  
 Falls, ere time its verdure sears.

Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us  
 Of the Lamb who died to save,  
 Where thy guardian care hath brought us  
 To the pure baptismal wave.

Pale and cold we see thee lying  
 In God's temple, once so dear,  
 And the mourner's bitter sighing  
 Falls unheeded on thine ear.

All thy love and zeal to lead us  
 Where immortal fountains shine,  
 And on living bread to feed us,  
 In our sorrowing hearts we shrine.

May the conquering faith that cheer'd thee  
 When thy foot on Jordan prest,  
 Guide our spirits while we leave thee  
 In the tomb that Jesus blest.

*Hartford, April, 1836.*



## THE MANIAC HERMIT.\*

BY WILL. WALTER.

‘Look on the tragic loading of this bed.’—*Othello*.

ON leaving the pleasant residence of my friend, I obtained from him a promise that he would write me at length the result of the investigation which he had determined to prosecute, concerning the former history of the strange being we had seen. We had become, indeed, much interested in the unfortunate being, thus bereft of Heaven’s best blessing, and doomed to exist in a situation upon which we look with more horror than on death. His efforts were crowned with success beyond his expectations. From one who had been an early friend, and was intimately acquainted with the whole history of the unfortunate hermit, he learned the following tale which he transmitted to me in the language in which he received it.

Frederick Holbrook began life with prospects unsurpassed in sunshine by those of any other young man within the scope of my acquaintance. From the earliest youth, he had borne the credit of a genius, and the developments of later days had not disappointed the sanguine expectations of his fond parents. Born to a splendid inheritance, no pains had been spared to render the advantages of education equal to his abilities and pretensions. The first University in his native land became his Alma Mater, and far in advance of his class, he ranked the highest; he was the fair model for ambitious students, and professors and tutors seemed to vie in doing him honor. Travel was not the least of his advantages; he wandered over every classic ground on which the mind of the student dwelt with delight. His friendly epistles bore date from the sooty palaces of bleak England, the moss grown towers of France, the sunny vineyards of Italy, and from the soul-stirring plains of Greece. With song-abounding muleteer, he clambered over the rugged steeps of romantic Spain, and drank delicious wines with the tall old Castilian cavaliers, and their dark browed, dark eyed daughters. He toiled up Alpine rocks, and from their icy tops looked down upon the vallies beneath, smiling with the labors of the husbandman.

‘No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read;  
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see  
He saw.’

And yet so much had prudent foresight tempered all the advantages which had been afforded him, that they had not warped his mind to a desire of airy display. The but too common effects of that mistimed adulation which genius commands were not visible in his deportment, and all the accomplishments which nature or art had bestowed upon him had not spoiled his fine abilities or soured his temper. His early friends were still his friends,

\* Continued from page 350.



and no one deserved them better by mutual interchange of confidence and favor. He was as well formed to bestow and enjoy the sweets of social intercourse, as to dazzle by the display of genius and attainments. Well do all who were with him remember how ready he was, now to partake in all our social enjoyments, and anon to blend his sympathies with the sorrowful and stricken.

Among the happy acquaintances of my younger days, so long as my memory serves me, shall I recollect one whose gladsome face and joyous temper had served to brighten many dark steps in my youthful pilgrimage. Ellen Gray was cast in nature's brightest mould, and the most fastidious were surely at loss to imagine a single grace that should add to the charms of our happy belle. All who knew her could but love her, and among her friends of the opposite sex, at least, envy dared not to mutter its malicious insinuations. 'And she was good as she was fair'—too good for the narrow sphere in which she moved. We all adored her, 'and adoring praised,' till it would seem that we revered her as some angel sent down to enliven the weary journey of mortals here on earth.

At length Ellen came to N——, and as a mutual acquaintance of both her and young Holbrook, I had the pleasure of introducing them to each other's knowledge,—friendship—love. Never shall I forget the brief hour that succeeded that first introduction. It seemed to me that there had come together, not only two of nature's most lovely creation, but two possessing a similarity of tastes and acquirements that appeared to betoken a nearer connection between them than possibly—nay probably—suggested itself at that period to either. But whether or not such thoughts then occupied their brains or hearts, sure it is, that henceforth they became friends and often close companions. We were all at that period of life when its enjoyments came readiest and most matured, and in the continued round of innocent but unfeigned pleasure which we pursued, we might very naturally have taken less heed of time's flight or of worrying cares, than in after days, when such enjoyments had given place to those more staid, but never more worthy or holy. Youth is the natural period of enjoyment, and he who would rob it then, would render life a gloomy existence, unworthy of preservation or care. Frederick and Ellen danced together, sang together, and together led us over hill and dale in the path of unalloyed enjoyment. As on my own, deeply must the recollection of that season have impressed itself on the memories of all who participated in the joys in which we reveled during its continuance.

To trace the love of either, in its progress from friendship to warm affection, is not now my province. Holbrook possessed in abundance these accomplishments so well calculated to ensure the love of confiding woman. Woman's love is not attracted by the glitter of fame, is not to be secured by the trammels of earthly power. She loves his person—himself, not the gaudy pomp, the glowing titles that attend the object of her affections. She may sacrifice them on the altar of wealth, or at the footstool of power; but her heart does not then sanction the disposal of her hand. Her affections may not then suffer a blight, though they are not fastened on the idol of her

ambition, for to heed their prompting, is but the secondary object of her existence. Heedless of power, wealth or fame, her love—that love which endureth forever—is ensured by those social qualities which at first secure the friendship rather than the admiration.

Frederick did not seek the love of Ellen without a rival. One so fair and bright gained very many admirers, and none ever proved a more devoted admirer at the shrine of beauty than Charles Weston. He was a young man of some pretensions, warm in his friendships, and bitter, bitter as death itself in his enmity. He was ambitious and aspiring and though possessed of most shining abilities, a haughty and unruly temper prevented his acquiring sincere friends. He was besides impatient and overbearing, and could brook no opposition to him. He loved Ellen with the ardent affection that marked his character, and it spoke strongly of her influence over him, that she alone was able to place the slightest effectual curb upon his untamed passions. His haughty spirit would bend before her glance, as if in the presence of some supreme power, and though there were times when its wildness would break through all restraint, she held a sway over him as mighty and as singular as if it had been over the elements.

Charles and Frederick were not meet rivals for the prize of Ellen's love. Young Holbrook was proud and little likely to yield before the haughty dictates of the other. He was rash, but unlike the rashness of Weston, his was that of a generous sensibility. He liked as little, perhaps, to be balked in his designs, but he could and would forego them, and that besides, with the semblance of a good grace. Weston had never dreamed that his affections could be slighted, upon whatever object he might fix them, and more especially could he never be brought to imagine that the gentle Ellen, so fair and so good, could do otherwise than return the ardent love he never attempted to conceal or deny. And it were not impossible that she had, by many an unwitting sigh, given encouragement to a passion so flattering. But Frederick was a rival more powerful than he had reason to expect, and though long blind to the consequences of the close friendship that existed between them—for jealousy was not one of his many faults—he found at length too much reason to give credit to the surmise that with others had been so current. It was then his character became fully evident—it was then he gave free vent to the terrible passions that had overmastered his soul.

Weston was absent when Frederick first obtained the open confession of return for his love, and as no obstacle intervened, preparations were made for a speedy marriage. We were all sorry to lose her; but there was not one of those near her who did not rejoice at the happiness that seemed to await the union of two so universally and so well beloved. It was but a few days before the time fixed, that Weston, unconscious of all that had passed, returned to the neighborhood. His impetuous temper would permit of no deliberation—would not even be restrained till the whole had been unfolded to him. With but the bare suspicion that his own suit had been disregarded, he rushed from the presence of the narrator, in almost a frenzy of passion.

The successful and happy lover was rambling in a retired field when he first encountered the half maddened Weston. He had not seen him since

his return and with an exclamation of surprise was about to proffer a warm greeting, when the singularity of the other's appearance prevented him. His eye was wild, and his face haggard, his lips pale and trembling, and his whole appearance bore the traces of some intense and unusual emotion. With a start the meeting was accidental, he stood a moment gazing at the other, but ere he could speak, turned abruptly on his heel, and with a peremptory order for Frederick to follow, strode hastily away. Wondering,—for his acquaintance with Weston had been brief—yet he did not hesitate to pursue the path which the other led. A few minutes swift walking brought them to a spot still more retired and shielded from observation. Weston paused beneath a giant oak that shaded a small plat of smooth and level ground, and leaning against the trunk, surveyed his companion for some moments in utter silence.

'Your errand, Mr. Weston,' said Holbrook, after waiting some time for the other to unfold the design that had led them thither.

'You shall have it soon enough,' returned the other, slowly and still gazing earnestly in Holbrook's face.

'Your looks are gild, Weston, and your actions singular. I must know why you have drawn me hither.'

'It is, then,' said the other, hastily, 'to demand if you seek the heart and hand of Ellen Gray?'

'And why ask me such a question?'

'Nay, sir,' said Weston peremptorily, 'answer me if you love her—*dare* to love her?'

'It is a question that can concern none but herself or her immediate friends,' replied Holbrook.

'How, villain, do you evade me thus? answer me quickly, or by Heaven—' and he started to his feet, his teeth firmly clenched, and his whole frame trembling with the intensity of his passion.

'This is strange language and strange conduct, Weston, and such as I shall not stay here to listen to or witness.'

'Stay!' ejaculated the other, seizing Frederick by the arm; 'Stay! you shall not escape me. Down, kuave, down on your knees, here, now, and abjure forever all thoughts of wedding Ellen, or by the powers that rule, I will slay you on the spot.'

'Weston, you are deranged—'

'Down, down sir, or abide my vengeance.'

Holbrook shook off his grasp and turned to leave the spot; he paused, however, as the other exclaimed in a more subdued tone:

'Stop, Holbrook; we part not thus. I have been too harsh with you, and let my temper blind my reason. You are a man of honor, and the difference between us demands an honorable adjustment—it can have no other. Here are a couple of weapons,' added he as he drew two swords from their concealment. 'They are of a length—see—take your choice, and abide the issue.'

'Weston,' replied his companion, 'you are insane; I will not fight you. I know of no difference between us that demands an appeal to this barbarous custom.'



'No difference! By—but stop, I will tell you. Young man, you seek the hand of Ellen, and have abused your opportunities for ensnaring her heart. I have sworn she shall be mine, and while I live you shall not possess her.'

'The decision of the lady herself is certainly a meet determination of such a question. I beseech you be calm and return with me to the village.'

'That cannot be,' returned Weston. 'We must fight, and the fall of one of us shall save her the trouble of a choice. Nay, now, I will not dally with you further; take that and defend yourself.'

He cast one of the swords at Frederick's feet, and with the other menaced an attack. His countenance again assumed the expression of a demon, thirsting for blood. It were idle to trust to the forbearance of a maniac, and Holbrook was forced to grasp the weapon in self defence. The other began the assault with the fury of a tiger, and perfectly blind to his own safety, sought to reach the life of his antagonist. Holbrook was not an adept in the use of his weapon, but his coolness was sufficient to render himself master of his enemy. He acted wholly on the defensive, parrying the thrusts of the other, without seeking to improve the many opportunities which his rashness left open, for shedding his blood. The contest continued for many minutes with unabated fury on one part, and perfect self-possession on the other. Holbrook hoped that the patience or the strength of his antagonist would become exhausted, and cause him to retire; but it was vain. His strength seemed supernatural, and although the former fought with much less exertion, he found that his own strength was failing before such repeated and furious assaults. Weston, too, by bringing the sun to shine upon his eyes, had once or twice well nigh succeeded in drawing blood, and he saw no escape but by disabling him in some manner, with as little damage as possible. This was not very difficult, and it was not long ere the sword-arm of his antagonist fell powerless at his side. Weston uttered no cry, but grasping the fallen weapon with his left hand, renewed the assault with all the fury of its commencement. But it was useless, and with an expression of bitter disappointment, he flung the sword from him.

'You have foiled me, wretch,' he exclaimed; 'but do not think to escape me. Mark me—as you value your peace and happiness, do not seek an alliance with her I have devoted as my own. Renounce her, or by Heaven, I will pursue you to the ends of the earth to gain my revenge.'

He turned quickly as he spoke, and strode haughtily down the forest glade that opened before them. Holbrook hesitated, but did not pursue him.

In a few days Frederick and Ellen were married. Together they stood up, seemingly the fairest of their respective sexes, and together were joined by the holy man of God in the most impressive style of that dear old man whom we all revered. Apparently a happier man and wife never departed from the altar, and all who knew them augured well for their future bliss. They seemed a worthy pair on whom the blessings of Heaven might well rest, and every heart responded amen to the fervent invocation which the pastor uttered, when he had pronounced them—husband and wife. It was arranged that the happy pair should spend a few weeks in travel, and upon their wedding day, with the blessings of all around them, they left for some

of the fairest regions of our wide country. The honey moon sped swiftly away, but not with it the enjoyment of the wedded lovers ; their attachment was too deep and enduring not to stand unimpaired the lapse of years.

Frederick Holbrook was one day alone in his chamber, when a noise in the entry aroused him from a musing reverie into which he had fallen. In another moment the door was thrown violently open, and Weston, whom he had not before seen since the encounter in the grove, rushed into the room. If his appearance had before been wild, it was now absolutely frightful ; every expression of the maniac was stamped upon his haggard countenance.

‘Villain,’ he exclaimed, ‘I have you now. I bade you once beware of my vengeance and though you have hoped to escape it, you shall find it has a dagger long enough to reach your ingrate heart and an arm strong enough to drive it home. To your prayers, Sir Bridegroom—your life hangs by a thread.’

Holbrook reached for the bell rope, but ere he could alarm the servants, the disappointed lover flung himself upon him. Drawing from his bosom a knife, he aimed a blow at his unprotected breast, and but for the agility of Frederick in avoiding and parrying, it might have accomplished its aim. There was no time for hesitancy, and grappling with the enraged assassin, there ensued a severe struggle for the ascendancy. The result was for a time doubtful, and Holbrook received some dangerous cuts ere it was decided. But at length he succeeded in overmastering the other and securing the weapon with which he had sought his life. Both rose to their feet, Weston standing as if abashed at the failure of his dastardly attempt. The wild gaze of derangement had faded away, as if it had been assumed, but the expression of settled and deadly hate by which it was succeeded was as appalling. Frederick thought him harmless, deprived of his weapon, and he again sought the bell-string to secure him, before he should perpetrate further mischief. Turning as he gave the alarm, the figure of Weston again met his eye, one hand upraising a cocked pistol, and his countenance again lighted up with a ghastly smile. Once more he sprang forward to interrupt the murderer in his hellish design ; before he could strike his arm, Ellen, with a faint ejaculation, rushed between them. That scream and the report of the pistol were blended together ; she had interrupted the ball, and with a groan of deathly agony, she sunk to the floor. Frederick’s brain whirled in delirium ; he did but see the exulting murderer prepare another weapon. It was for himself ; but quicker than the lightning’s glance he threw himself upon the assassin and with a single blow buried the knife in his heart. They fell together on the floor, and it was with difficulty that those who first entered could distinguish in which of the three the current of life still flowed. Frederick recovered his health, but never again his reason ; gazing a moment on the tragic scene before him, he rushed from the house a wild maniac.

## THE RETURNED RING.

Nor from a haughty spirit came  
 The act that gave him back the ring ;  
 But from a source too deep to name,  
 Of sorrows oft a bitter spring.

She gave it back because she knew  
 How sad its lustre would appear,  
 If she must hence behold it through  
 The mournful medium of a tear.

But still, he asked, that she would keep  
 And wear it, for his memory's sake ;  
 As if she had no eye to weep,  
 No sigh to heave, no heart to ache !

And could he hold her heart so long,  
 Without perceiving how t' was strung—  
 How fine its chords for joy ? how strong  
 The secret anguish to be wrung ?

He knew it ; but he knew not yet  
 Its mighty power to suffer pain,  
 If he believed she could forget  
 The giver, or the gift retain.

She felt, as she must part with him,  
 That every pearl would prove a sting  
 To torture her, and worse than dim,  
 The gold—a cruel, cutting thing !

To give her swelling heart relief  
 She drew the painful, glittering band  
 From off her finger ; and in grief,  
 Returned it with a faltering hand.

A pearl from out the circle fell,  
 It dropped away to disappear ;  
 And left its place a void to tell  
 Its tale to pensive memory's ear.

And now that vocal void may speak  
 To him, perhaps, of other years  
 When down her fair and youthful cheek  
 He called the rolling pearly tears.

Perchance 'twill bid him bear to mind  
 Her prayer, which death may render dear,  
 That he the 'goodly pearl' might find  
 To shine when earth may disappear.



For she has since been laid at rest,  
 Where not a sigh her lips can part.  
 The soft green grass her bed had dressed ;  
 And sweet young flowers bloom o'er her heart.

And should he there her name behold,  
 Then view the ring that once she wore.  
 His heart must own a power in gold  
 And pearls, they never proved before.

H. F. GOULD.

## COLLEGE THEMES.

BY 'NEMO.'

—Inter silvas *Academi* quære verum.—*Hor.*

In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust,  
 Ye Fops be silent, and ye Wits be just.

*Johnson's Irene.*

## I V.

## THE INFLUENCE OF PUBLIC CRITICISM ON LITERATURE.

CRITICS I saw, that other names deface,  
 And fix their own with labor in their place.

*Pope's Temple of Fame.*

A man must serve his time at any trade,  
 Save censure ; CRITICS all are ready made.  
 Take hacknied jokes, from Miller, got by rote,  
 With just enough of learning to misquote :  
 Armies well skilled to find or forge a fault,  
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt.  
 Fear not to lie—'t will seem a lucky hit ;  
 Shrink not from blasphemy—'t will pass for wit ;  
 Care not for feeling, pass your proper jest,  
 And stand a critic, hated yet confessed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,  
 Believe a woman, or an epitaph,  
 Or any other thing that's false, before  
 You trust in critics, who themselves are sore.

*Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

WERE we to consider this question merely in theory ; were we to speculate upon its merits, only in abstract ; were we to regard criticism as it should be, instead of looking at it as it is, but little doubt could exist in any reflecting mind of its favorable influence upon the character of literature. In an age like the present, when authorship is not confined to a few, but *omnes scribimus, indocti, doctique*, some check is necessary to retard the increase and repress the influence of works based upon false principles, and exercising a demoralizing tendency. 'The duty of criticism,' says Johnson,

'is neither to deprecate nor dignify by partial representation, but to hold out the light of reason, whatever it may discover, and to propagate the determination of truth, whatever she will dictate.' Viewed in this light, its influence could not but be beneficial, 'since,' to quote again the same author, 'there are, in every age new errors to be rectified, and new prejudices to be opposed. False taste is always busy, to mislead those that are entering upon the regions of learning, and the traveller uncertain of his way, and forsaken by the sun, will be pleased to see a fainter orb arise on the horizon, that may rescue him from total darkness, though with weak and borrowed lustre.' Public criticism may be especially useful, by lessening the number of frivolous, and perhaps worse than frivolous publications, which daily issue from our press, and corrupt the taste and pervert the morals of their readers far and wide. The present age affords a lamentable instance of such a state. Novels are the rage of young and old. Excitement is the only ingredient now required in a work, to make the author popular and the book saleable; and in the endeavor to produce this excitement, all else is overlooked. Its moral tendency is disregarded—its literary character is neglected, except so far as beauty of imagery and elegance of expression are observed in order to delight the fancy and please the ear.

As regards another class of worthies, criticism is equally essential to the purity and soundness of literature,—writers of high talents and commanding influence, clear in perception, and powerful in argument. The faults of such authors are more dangerous from the force of the example, than those of others, and the interests of learning demand that they should be immediately discussed and stigmatized, that none dazzled by the brilliancy of genius, may unhesitatingly subscribe to all their sentiments, and these unquestioned and undenied become in the course of time precedents of indisputable authority. Such are some of the advantages of criticism to the public; it possesses others which refer more particularly to the authors themselves. 'No observations or rules,' says Blair, 'can supply the want of genius, but they can direct it into the proper channel.' To young writers especially are they useful, who unaided by the light of experience, are liable to be hurried onward by the ardor of enthusiasm, and are frequently led into errors, of which they would long remain ignorant, unless pointed out by the hand of another.

Thus beneficial would public criticism be were its rules strictly adhered to, were the talents of the critic always commensurate with its task, and were his feelings and prejudices never allowed to usurp the place of his judgment and his reason; but this has never been the case, and there are strong grounds for supposing never will be. It is a remark by an old writer that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen; and reviewers frequently task their ingenuity to discern faults, in order to satisfy their vanity, with imagining that they have discovered what others have overlooked. Even if no such feeling exists, few bring to the examination of a subject a mind perfectly unbiassed. The critic first allows himself to form exceptions, and then is angry if they are disappointed. In the language of Johnson, 'he lets his imagination roam at large, and wonders that another equally unconfined in

the boundless ocean of possibility, takes a different course.' Hence the diversity of opinion upon the same topics in which reviewers are arrayed against each other, and now, as in the days of Horace,

'———Critics yet contend,  
And of their vain disputings find no end.'

The world, observes Locke, has people of all sorts, and few entertain very similar opinions, or are actuated by the same sentiments, and hence it would be unreasonable to suppose that all should come to the same conclusion.

'Tis with our judgments, as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.\*

The fallibility of criticism is by nothing so sharply displayed as by comparing the estimate of old works, by contemporary authors with the opinions entertained of them at the present day. Many qualities besides real excellence may give to a work temporary notoriety. A political essay loses its influence with the fall of the party whose cause it advocates; the contenders in a theological or philosophical controversy cease to be of importance when the question is decided, and the truth is known; writers on natural philosophy sink into insignificance with the advance of science, and each succeeding discovery dims the lustre of the older. This fleeting fame is beautifully described by the author of the Rambler, when he says, 'Parnassus has its flowers of transcient fragrance as well as its oaks of towering height and its laurels of eternal verdure.'

The reviewer but too often sits down to his task with motives which effectually preclude his performing it with fairness. He is sometimes predetermined to misrepresent it, and 'his object,' observes Dr. Dwight in an examination of this question, 'is to satisfy the publisher who employs him, and to gratify the prejudices of the people.' When the opinion to be expressed is established beforehand, it is not necessary to read the work. He skims the pages with a careless eye, extracts here a little and there a little, and putting upon these detached passages his own construction, his work is done. Such is the general character of public criticism, with rare exception, in the present age, and being such, we think it is not and cannot be of material advantage to the cause of Literature. *Time* is the only true and infallible critic. 'Time,' which in the language of Cicero, 'overthrows the delusion of opinion, but establishes the decision of nature.†

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\* Pope's Essay on Criticism.

† *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.—Cicero.*



## M E M O R Y .

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

'One clear idea wakened in the breast  
By Memory's magic lets in all the rest.'

*Moore.*

How finely Memory's chords are strung !—  
The slightest touch will wake a strain  
Which long ago our childhood sung,  
But hath not wakened since again ;—  
Some far-off music faintly caught  
Rouses the energies of thought,  
And back upon the soul return  
Scenes, forms and faces long forgot—  
Kind words that bade the bosom burn—  
And looks of Love which changeth not,—  
Connected, how we know not well,  
With that faint music's magic swell.

I sat a lazy brook beside,  
Marking its slow and silent time ;—  
It passed the tree that gave me shade,  
Scarce rippled by the knotted limb  
Which lay across its course, and made  
A barrier to its waters dim ;—  
Then with a long and gentle sweep  
Through level fields it held its way,  
Till down a chasm dark and deep  
It vanished with a sudden leap,  
Studding the rocks with silver spray.

All, all was strange ;—I sought in vain  
Semblance to some familiar scene ;—  
The link was gone from Memory's chain—  
Severed the golden thread between \*  
Present and Past, which should convey  
The electric flash of thought away  
To distant points of joy or tears  
Made faint and fainter day by day  
By the still thickening vale of years.

I sat beside that lazy brook,  
Tracing the devious track it took,  
And fancied in my waking dream  
I looked on Life's symbolic stream ;  
Gentle and weak, but pure, at first,  
Leaving with smiles the fostering breast,  
Where long and fondly it had nursed,  
Till, far beyond that home of rest,

It mingled with the grosser tide,  
 By many a distant source supplied,  
 In fuller strength and influence wide,  
   But lower level than before,  
 Sweeping along in stately pride,  
   But decked with purity no more,—  
 Its surface wreathed with smiles and gold—  
 Its breast beneath foul, dark and cold.

As thus I mused, beneath mine eye  
 A mimic vessel floated by ;—  
 The hull, a chip—the mast, a reed—  
   A strip of bark supplied the sail—  
 The streaming flag a water reed—  
   The precious load a rusty nail ;—  
 That poor device of childhood's play,  
 To cheat the lagging hours away  
 Gave the lost link to Memory's chain,  
   And when I raised mine eye again,  
 The scene had changed ;—before me spread  
   The fields in recognition smiled,  
 The tree above me seemed to shed  
 The very leaves upon my head  
   It showered around me when a child ;—  
 The twisted limb which swept the tide  
   Brought visions crowding on my brain,  
 Of chip-boats, caught by eddies wide,  
   Deprived of mast—sail—pennon—vane—  
 By bending twig or hanging bough ;—  
 And so perchance the urchins now  
 Who play around this grassy brink  
 Behold their hopes and vessels sink.

So small the links that form the chain  
   Which binds the Present to the Past—  
 So web-like is the chord we strain  
   In thought across the torrent vast  
 Of rolling years to scenes beyond—  
 A slender but a mighty bond—  
 Like frail Al Sirat, which supplies  
 The Moslem's path to Paradise.

*Dorchester, Mass. April.*

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## P O E T I C I N S P I R A T I O N .

From the earliest ages the opinion has been prevalent that spiritual beings have been the frequent visitors and attendants of man, and that in many ways they have influenced his thoughts and controlled his actions. The Bible teaches that they have been the bearers to him of messages from the Eternal and that these messages have been delivered, sometimes openly, sometimes in visions and dreams, and sometimes by a strong, yet secret influence upon the mind. It represents these messengers as innumerable, and declares that 'they are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.'

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, also, a belief very similar prevailed. Both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* commence by an invocation to the Muse. Hesiod, in his '*Theogonia*,' mentions nine muses. 'They were the daughters of Jove, whose great mind they delighted with their songs. They led their beautiful choirs to the top of the divine Halcyon, whence they descended in the night and breathed forth their mellifluous strains.' To Hesiod they presented the sceptre, a branch of the luxuriant laurel, and inspired him, moreover, with a divine voice, so that he could sing both the future and the past, and thus prepared they commanded him to celebrate the race of the happy immortals.

In the mythology of oriental nations these beautiful beings held a conspicuous place. To delineate them, painting lent its richest colors and poetry its sweetest, loftiest strains. And why should we not believe that there are such existences and that we are continually enjoying the benign effects of their agency? Man's unmeasured capacities and boundless desires are evidence that his Creator designed him for a state, far more elevated than the present. Even here, his better part often darts forward into the spiritual world, and acquires a relish for spiritual enjoyments, although we are unable to explain the mysterious union of mind and matter, we believe it, notwithstanding, with full assurance. While we unhesitatingly admit that spirit can breathe life and energy into matter and clothe it in beauty, and also that spirit can hold intercourse with spirit, we must as readily confess our inability to explain the manner of that intercourse. As man has a spiritual nature, it is not strange that there should be interchange of sentiment between him and the world of spirits, perfect in proportion to his abstraction from vexatious cares and degrading thoughts. One whose soul aspires to claim relationship with seraphim, and who surrenders himself to holy thoughts will often obtain ideas fresh and beautiful and which could originate from none other than a spiritual source. For his gaze the sky is inscribed all over with legible characters; he reads and adores. Poetry is written on the earth, is breathed through the air; he imbibes the inspiration, and is himself a poet. The thunder peals, the dashing of the ocean, the voice of the winds, the glad expression of joyous creatures—all find a responding chord in his heart. Yes, heaven and earth are to him full of music, full of poetry: but in that



poetry he reads only epistles from the spirit land ; he hears in that music nought but the voices of invisible ones urging him to something worthy an immortal.

In these musings, how complete at times is the abstraction ! Had the soul left the body and gone forth to search into the mysteries of spiritual existence, it could not be more so. And then there is a rapture in such hours, and a vision is before the mind, indistinct it may be, yet it has sweet voices and ravishing melody, and beautiful forms of light and love, and the soul goes out and becomes one of them, and in its unspeakable joyousness forgets, and fain would forever forget its connexion with clay.

Two classes of persons may be mentioned, who know, in a greater or less degree, the feelings here portrayed. The first and more spiritual have little need of the senses as media of communication with deathless, changeless beings. Only let them shut their eyes upon the world, and close their ears to its confused sounds, and calm the last surge upon their minds, and then some of those who delight to minister to man will be ready to awaken within them thoughts to make their hearts bound, and conceptions to weigh down their souls with their very vastness. But in the other class, the love of the mysterious, the panting after intercourse with beings of a higher order is not so intensely gratified ; nor are they so favored in their outgoings after light and knowledge ; in their longings to quench their unsated thirst at the gushing fount of felicity. In the former, inspiration seems kindled spontaneously, and to send forth its beautiful radiance by its own innate energy. The latter rely upon something extraneous. They listen to the infinitely varied tones of nature, or gaze upon the surpassing loveliness of her prospects, until the unstained parchment is ready for the nicest, the most exquisite touches. What is traced there may have less of the sublime than the other, but there is more of the beautiful ; if the enjoyment is less, the mind does not afterwards feel as though it had been crushed by conceptions too vast for its powers.

But such magic spells last not long. The soul having tasked all its powers to the utmost, is soon compelled to feel that it is pinioned in its soarings and straightened in all its movements. And now when one whose soul has dared to rise and mingle in scenes unknown on earth, and gaze upon visions which eye hath not seen, and listen to sounds more ravishing than the song of the fabled syren wishes to commit what he has seen and felt to language, words are wanting. There is no medium through which he can present to others the beautiful images of his mind. If he make the attempt, they are like a lovely picture seen through a glass befouled with smoke. The outlines may be traced, but the vivid colors are faded, the exquisite touches of divine art obliterated. When Paul was caught up where uncreated radiance was all around him, and the voices of deathless ones were breathing in choral strains the high anthems of praise, it is not strange that he thought it unlawful to utter what he heard. He seemed to regard it as sacrilege to degrade to the comprehension, or even to the language of mortals what was so elevated, so spiritual.

Say not, reader, that you have never felt any thing of this, and therefore you believe nothing about it. Hast thou never feasted thine eyes upon the

verdant fields when lovely flowers were loading the zephyr's wings with perfume and the bees were collecting their nectar sweets, and bird was caroling to bird in blithesome lays, until a spell was on thee, and thy mind was soothed, and inexpressible joy was in thy heart? Or hast thou never stood at even when silence was on the landscape, and gazed upon the deep azure whence unnumbered stars were looking down upon thee until thy heart was softened and a holy power seemed to be urging thee to prostrate thyself in humble adoration before that Being, who 'spread out the sky as a molten looking glass,' and gemmed it with stars and all whose dealings with thee have been in love? If thou has never felt any thing of this, yet do not say that there are no benevolent beings around us, that we do not see, and whose delight it is to inspire us with holy and happy emotions.

D.

*Bangor.*


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## S O N G .

### T E A R S   A N D   S M I L E S .

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BY THOMAS POWER.

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## I.

WHEN with clouds the gay beings of light  
 Are hid from the tremulous eye,  
 Then the arch of the iris most bright  
 Is a beacon of hope in the sky;  
 So joy, mid our sorrow, life's shadow beguiles,  
 And youth, while in tears, is arrayed in its smiles.

## II.

When in morn the clear dew-drops are seen,  
 Enriching each bright, fragrant flower,  
 Then the fair things in robes of soft green  
 Are the emblems of life's dearest hour;  
 As shadows in sunlight shall vanish erewhile,  
 So Beauty exchanges its tear for a smile.

## III.

When with gaiety blest, the light heart  
 Surveys the gay visions around,  
 Then reflection a bliss can impart  
 That in fancy's gay dream is ne'er found;  
 And sadness may come to a heart without guile,  
 But Innocence changes its tear to a smile.

## DOLLY MOORE.

'Pity the sorrows of a poor old maid,  
Whose years, alas! had numbered forty-four!  
But owns to twenty-five, and feels afraid  
That all her chance is gone—forever Moore.'

*Metropolitan.*

LADIES, my best bow. Imagine a tall six-footer, in tights and a bobtailed coat and buff vest, and large feet, and cowhide boots, and a shaved head, direct from New Hampshire. Imagine him standing in your fair presence, leaning his weight on one foot, while the other, in very bashfulness, is trying to hide itself behind its mate; with his delicate hands thrust into his coat-flap pockets, with a peculiar turnip-like expression of countenance, without a word in the vicinity of his *lingua*, or an idea within gun-shot of his pericranium, endeavoring to explode a remark, but flashing in the pan, by involuntarily making his best bow. Ladies—I—I—do n't mean to insinuate any thing. I have got a little story, which, with your leave, I will relate about my cousin Dolly Moore.

Dolly Moore was a very pretty girl when she was eighteen; that I can recollect as plain as if it was yesterday, although I am many years younger. I have had more than one kiss from her to make me recollect it. You will laugh that she should kiss such a looking fellow as I am, but it is as true as the book of Maccabees. I was a boy then, but I could n't help, as we say, feeling 'a kind of a liking' for her. Perhaps her kissing me was the reason; in fact I have no doubt of it, for in relation to myself, I always remarked that those sweet girls who have not too much prudery are always dearest to my heart.

But about Dolly. The young gentlemen used to visit my uncle's house often. I did not think much about it then, but since I have come to years of discretion I have satisfied myself of the reason. Dolly was so pretty, so smiling, so pleasant, so witty. She used to laugh with them when they were there, and at many of them when they were gone—a practice which, I am happy to say, has gone out of fashion in this improved age. As I lived in the house with her, I saw a great deal of what I have since learned to call flirtation. By the time she was twenty, many young men had visited her, and many an ogling scene had I been witness of; but there was one of a rather more serious character, which I will relate.

There was a tall, handsome, young man, with black eyes, who came to the house regularly for some months, and I thought him to be one of the best men I ever saw. Dolly rode with him, walked with him, talked with him, and, I would not scandalize her, but I believe, once I saw her kiss him. A lady's character is everything—I do n't know but it might have been the other way, that it was he who kissed her.

One day when I was in the parlor at play behind the sofa, they both entered, evidently very much excited. Their countenances were flushed,



and his bore rather a disappointed look; she had a haughty and rather disdainful smile on hers. Their conversation was something like the following.

‘Encouragement! what encouragement? You have have waited upon me, it is true; and I have rode and walked with you, and treated you with politeness as far as I knew how; but as for marrying you—Lord! I never thought of such a thing.’

‘But I have thought so, and I think, with very good reason. My attentions were always with that view, and, I supposed were so received.’

‘I cannot help it; I don’t know that anything was said about it, or that I have treated you differently from the other young gentlemen who have visited me. At any rate I cannot think of marrying you, so will not talk about it any more.’

‘But the public, as well as myself, have thought that you received my attentions with the view of sometime or other becoming my wife.’

‘A fig for the public! people will meddle. Let others take care of their own business and I will take care of mine.’

‘But, dearest girl, do not drive me from you, in this way; I beg you would think a moment;’ and he threw himself on his knees before her.

He had no sooner done this than she jumped from her chair, told him he acted like a fool, and whisked out of the room. Poor fellow; he was in a pretty pickle! I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, for I thought he was in great distress. But in a moment he jumped up, seized his hat, and looking as fierce as a Malay, strutted out of the house. I have not seen him since until a few months ago, when I was at his seat in the country, which is a very pleasant one, and indicates much wealth in its owner. I used to endeavor to converse with Dolly about him, but she always declined saying any thing. I thought from her manner that her reflections, on these occasions were not the most agreeable. I learnt, however, at that time, that he was of good family but poor; that his profession (the law) was all that he had to depend upon for support, and I am convinced that his poverty was the only objection that Dolly had to him. Her father was rich, and I always noticed that she was most liberal of her smiles towards the rich young men who visited the house, if their characters were not without blemish. But I never have seen one of them upon his knees before her, though I have seen them kiss her frequently, and strange to say, without her resenting it.

When Dolly was twenty-two I left her father’s, and for eighteen years have known but little about her until lately. A few months since I visited her, and found her living by herself in a little cottage not many miles from the once splendid mansion of her father. He had become reduced and died leaving her the remains of his fortune, which were only sufficient to support her in the humble style in which I found her.

Hearing it whispered that she was about to be united to an old bach by the name of Dixon, who was reputed to be wealthy, though a little addled, I made bold to pop the inquiry to her whether that report had any foundation. She answered me at length, but I could not help all the while thinking that but for her old passion for money which made her ridiculous

and unhappy, she might have been still living in that affluence in which she was born.

'Do you think,' said she, 'that I would have such an old, know-nothing, tobacco-chewing, snuff-taking, sit-up-all-night creature as that Dixon? I heard he was rich and wanted a wife, and as he shewed a disposition to wait upon me when I moved into the neighborhood, I received his attentions. He waited upon me for six months; came three or four times a week, and at last protracted his visits to such a length that I thought the proposal would be soon forthcoming. One night—the last he came—he sat and sat, saying nothing except in reply to my questions, occasionally taking a pinch of snuff, and continually spitting into the fire. The clock struck three, and soon after, being undisturbed, I unfortunately dropped asleep. Unfortunately, I say, but not so much for myself as for my fire. I was awake with the cold about daylight, my fire was out, my hearth was flooded with the juice of the Virginia weed, and my Dixon was snoring in all the ecstasy of Morpheus. Do you blame me for being vexed? I spoke sharply, "Mr. Dixon," three times. He gaped and stretching out his arms, said, "Well, I believe it is time for me to be a going." I was really angry. "Yes," I cried, "and I hope, Sir, this is your last visit at my house." He turned to say something, but, seeing that I *felt* what I said, walked out quicker than I had ever known him. I have not seen him since. As to marrying him, I would not were he as rich as Cræsus.'

This was her last offer, and so far as I am a judge in such matters, I think she will never have another. I am sorry for her, but I am of the same opinion with you, ladies, that she ought to have treated the attentions of that young man with more consideration, and that she was very foolish; as all young ladies are in this 'improved age,' who wait for an offer from a rich man.

PRO BONO MATRIMONIE.

## L I N E S

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE STEAMER 'TRAVELLER,' ON LAKE ONTARIO, WHILE  
GOING FROM TORONTO, U. C. TO ROCHESTER, N. Y. AT NIGHT.

### I.

Good night, good night, o'er Ontario's deep  
Our 'Traveller' hastens on,  
And soon in the cabin our berths we'll keep,  
To try to forget ourselves in sleep,  
Till the dawn of the morrow's sun.

### II.

On the dancing waters the moon-beams play,  
The glimmering beacon's light  
Is seen in the distance, far away  
Twinkling dim through the silver ray  
Of the gentle queen of night.

## I I I .

Now still'd the loud noise and deafening roar,  
 Hush'd is the sea-bird's cry,  
 The evening breeze forgets to pour  
 Its music sweet—the receding shore  
 Grows fainter as we fly.

## I V .

The sailor crew are quietly sleeping  
 Below, in their hammocks slung,  
 While the engineer his watch is keeping,  
 And near him on the deck is weeping  
 A child both fair and young.

## V .

'T is an emigrant's child, and the tear of sorrow  
 Has early dim'd her eye,  
 Full many griefs her young heart harrow,  
 But hope beams forth in the coming morrow,  
 To brighten her clouded sky.

## V I .

Around her, reclined on the deck, are seen  
 A group with a gipsy air,  
 A woodsman stout, with a jacket of green,  
 And hat slouched over his face, to screen  
 His eyes from the dull lamp's glare.

## V I I .

And next his mate with a cloak of red,  
 And dark hair streaming through  
 The wide straw bonnet, which shaded her head,  
 Her lap for an infant forming a bed,  
 Which her fond arm closer drew.

## V I I I .

A cluster of children repose at her feet,  
 In the softness of childhood's slumber,  
 'T is seldom in life's dark journey we meet  
 With a picture so perfect, with beauty so sweet,  
 As pourtrayed in that lowly number.

NEMO.

*Aug. 23d, 1837.*



## N A T U R A L R E L I G I O N .

THE various conflicting systems of mythology to which the ingenuity of our race has given birth, however unimportant in themselves, yet when considered as the developement of the *religious principle* in man, furnish to the philosopher an interesting topic of reflection. From the earliest dawn of his being, we find man ever disposed to look beyond himself for support in the hour of trial, and for counsel and direction in those emergencies to meet which he felt his own wisdom insufficient. So universally has this disposition been manifested, as well among the most barbarous as among the most polished nations, that man may be said to be *instinctively a religious being*. This is one of the first principles of his nature. It is engrafted into the very constitution of his mind. Its foundation is laid in the necessities of the human heart. The spirit of man early feels its own weakness, its ignorance and helplessness, and its dependence upon some superior power, to whom it may turn for support in the hour of need. There is also in man an irrepressible desire to look into the mysteries of futurity; to lift the dark curtain which conceals from him his being's aim and destiny, after his body shall have been restored to its kindred earth. A something within tells him of his connexion with the invisible world, and even in the infancy of his being reveals to him his nobler, his spiritual nature. In the early ages of society these dim glimmerings of truth, these aspirations of the immortal spirit, take to themselves a form, and are impressed upon his mind with supernatural power. He cannot repress the conviction that there is some higher, mightier Being independent of himself, who has to do with the affairs of men. He needs not the aid of books nor the teachings of philosophy to tell him that there is a God. He sees him in the sun that shines upon his lowly dwelling. He hears him in the storm that howls around the mountain top, and in the gentle breeze that murmurs in the valley. All nature is to him a revelation of the Deity, and his own heart bears constant and unerring witness to its truth. But although this sentiment, which is in itself the basis of all religious worship, is thus widely diffused, the *manifestations* of it are various. They take their form and coloring from the habits and feeling of those among whom they are exhibited. With the light of nature only for their guide, different communities have framed for themselves systems in accordance with their prevailing character, and suited to control those within the sphere of their influence. The refined and classical mythology of the Greeks which have been lost upon the untutored savage of our own forest, and the wild and fanciful systems of the Scandinavians, with their spirits 'who ride clouds, and bend their airy bows,' their halls of blood, and their feasts of the dead, would fail to strike an answering chord in the bosom of the voluptuous and sensual Mahometan.

Some have spoken of the wonderful influence which the superstitions of a people exert in forming the national character. Strictly speaking, however,

this influence is reciprocal. The character and peculiar features of the people are in the first instance indelibly stamped upon their religious system ; and this in its turn *reacts*, with supernatural power, upon the minds of its followers. Let me illustrate my meaning by one or two examples. The Indians of our own country were a fierce and savage race. They delighted in war and the shedding of blood ; in the shrieks and groans of their victims as they writhed under the fiery torture. Their very sports and feasts, their songs and dances, all tended to cherish this warlike spirit. What might we naturally expect the religion of such a people to be ? Simply what we find it—the reflection of their own minds ; a system which taught them that the favor of the Deity was only to be won by the prowess of the warrior on the battle-field. Their God was pleased with the oblation of blood, and with the smoke of the burning victims. Their heaven was a spacious hunting field, to which the brave alone could gain admittance. Such a system grew naturally out of their habits of life, and was admirably calculated to make a nation of warriors.

The Ancient Greeks, on the contrary, were a refined people. They delighted in poetry and the cultivation of the fine arts, and had a keen relish for all the social pleasures of life. They were more intellectual, more spiritual than their predecessors, and lived more in the ideal world. And we find these traits of character enstamped in glowing colors on their whole system of mythology. They had Gods for war and Gods for peace. Love, poetry, eloquence, the arts, all had their appropriate divinities. Their Deities lived continually among them, and the skill of the painter and sculptor gave them a form and local habitation. Their very passions were deified. They breathed an inspired air ; every brook and every grove was the habitation of a divinity. The Romans had nominally the same system of mythology, but its leading traits were essentially modified by the varying character of the people. Their Gods were of a sterner cast than those of their predecessors, as became a people whose origin was marked by war and violence. What had such as they to do with the Venus, the Minerva, or the Apollo of the Greeks ? The whole finely-woven system of the latter, with the poetry, the romance, I had almost said the inspiration, which breathed from it throughout, and gave to it a life, and beauty, and an enduring name, was to them a sealed book. Their hearts were not attuned to vibrate in unison with those of the votaries of the Muses, neither could they understand the feelings which prompted *their* worship. They required a religion whose severe and lofty character should accord with that of the descendants of Romulus. Their superstitious observances were a part of the machinery of Government, and designed to subserve a political purpose. Their Janus, their Jupiter Stator were their own creation ; the developement of the idea of divinity within them.

But I need not refer you to ancient days alone for illustrations of this truth. They are scattered abundantly over the pages of history. It was the perception of this that enabled the prophet of Mecca to uprear that mighty fabric of imposture, which for centuries has darkened half the eastern world with its shadow, and opposed an almost impenetrable barrier to the progress of the Christian truth. With the eye of a philosopher, he

studied the character and habits of the people around him, and with the tact of a statesman he availed himself of them in accomplishing his vast schemes of conquest. He established no new principles; he set before them no new motives of action. He only appealed to those already existing in the breast of every inhabitant of that enervating clime. He found them devoted to sensual pleasures; the slaves of luxury in its most alluring forms; and in return for their faith and obedience in this world, he promised them in the next an abundant harvest of all that could ravish the senses, or cultivate the heart. His paradise was of a sensual kind, simply because such an one had charms that no other could possess.

But it is unnecessary to pursue this subject further. All these various systems of idolatry, diverse and discordant as they appear, yet have their origin in principles originally implanted in the human heart. They all unite in bearing testimony to the fact that man was created with a spiritual as well as an intellectual nature; that the lofty purposes of his being are not bounded by the narrow limits of earth. It is indeed humiliating, thus to witness the perversion of the noblest faculties of his mind; to mark how all the principles instilled into him by his Maker to purify and elevate his character, and lead him to the knowledge of the true God, had been turned aside from the proper object, and made to contribute to his degradation. The experience of all past time declares that man, unaided by revelation, could not

‘———Look through nature up to nature’s God,’

The deductions of reason, and the teachings of philosophy were alike insufficient to guide him to the knowledge of the truth. Shrouded by the mists of error and superstition, he groped his hopeless way amidst the moral darkness that encompassed him, with no light to cheer his path, vainly seeking for something to which the soul might attach itself and be satisfied; something which would meet the wants of his spiritual being. Then it was that God revealed himself to the creatures he had formed; that he unfolded to them his own matchless perfection, and directed their thoughts to himself as the only worthy object of worship.

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## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

ENGLAND! thy soil hath been, shall ever be  
The land of bards, the home of minstrelsy.  
Thou glorious diadem on Ocean’s brow!  
The cynosure of nations still art thou;  
And still to thee when War’s volcanoes burn,  
As to their guardian saint, they trembling turn.  
Land of my Fathers! oft, in boyhood’s prime,  
Hath Fancy led me to thy favored clime;  
Oft, from thy fountains, hath my spirit quaff’d  
Of poesy and truth the quickening draught.  
From thee my mind its earliest nurture drew,  
Drank of thy fullness, by thy bounty grew.



More than my native land wert thou to me,  
 Guardian and nurse of my soul's infancy !  
 And gazing on thy shores, whose sods inurn  
 Earth's noblest, best, toward thee my heart did yearn,  
 As yearns the exile for the grassy bed  
 Where rest his fathers, there to lay his head.  
 Pantheon of the Great ! around thee throng  
 The spirits of past time, of ancient song.  
 Majestic are thy peaks, and green thy bowers,  
 Majestic thus thy Shakspeare's genius towers ;  
 Thus green his garland-spells on memory's scroll.  
 White are thy cliffs, whiter thy Milton's soul,  
 Wild are thy skies, whose ever-lowering clouds  
 Bear Ossian's spirits in their stormy shrouds ;  
 Thus wild that minstrel's harp, whose genuine lay  
 Shall long delight, though infidels gainsay.  
 Thou arbitress of Nations ! in thy scale  
 Are empires weighed, before thee monarchs quail ;  
 War ebbs at thy command, yield tyrant kings  
 The sceptre-scourge ; obedient Asia flings  
 Her treasures at thy feet ; each zone unveils  
 To thee its charms—and when thine empire fails,  
 A louder wail shall mourn its glories gone,  
 Than rung o'er stricken Greece, or fallen Babylon.

But long ere such befall thee—not in vain  
 Hath God begirt thee with an ocean-chain ;  
 Not vainly piled yon hoary citadel,  
 Beneath whose frown the proud Armada fell ;—  
 As crouched the Sphinx before the Egyptian fane,  
 So crouches at thy feet the slumbering main,  
 And when the invader comes, awakes in wrath,  
 Shakes his strong limbs, and thy victorious path  
 Is strew'd with spoils. Long, long shalt thou endure,  
 Thy glory stainless, thy dominion sure.

Thou, too, my country ! last, not least, thy clime  
 Rose in fresh beauty from the surge of time,  
 A wave-born Venus,—Goddess of the West :—  
 Bride of the bright Sun, whom thy faithful breast  
 Doth nightly pillow ; Sages watched afar,  
 In orient climes of old, thy natal star,  
 And hailed its promise oft, when dim eclipse  
 Had pall'd the darkened east ; with prophet lips  
 Thy glory they foretold, and haply now,  
 From those bright mansions, as they downward bow,  
 Bless the fulfilment of their visions, bless  
 Columbia's race, that, throneless, sovereignless,  
 Obey no mandate but their own free will.  
 And blessed are they, blessed be they still !  
 Firm as her mountains be our country's sway,  
 Her sorrows transient as this transient lay !

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE YOUNG MAN'S AID to Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness. By Rev. HUBBARD WINSLOW. Boston: D. K. Hitchcock.

MY SON'S MANUAL. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The publication of such works as these whose titles we have placed above speaks well for the advancement of the moral and intellectual state of the world. They are well-timed—and they would be at any period—particularly as the condition of society has, within the lapse of a very few years, been affected very seriously by a combination of causes our fathers little anticipated. The duties devolving upon the young men of our day are of the highest import. It is for them to exercise the power of restraint. We are too much inclined to extremes—are becoming too much enslaved by the exciting topics which are daily agitating the community. Moderation should be infused into all the channels of society, and ultraism should be banished from its pale. And how is this to be effected? Surely, we must begin at the root—the responsibility rests with our young men who are entering upon the busy stage of life. They should imbibe correct principles, and if they do not, the fault will lie at their door, while works of such value as the above are placed within their reach.

The first of these is well calculated to disseminate correct principles, and so we might likewise say of the 'Manual.' They should be in the hands of every young man who wishes to form a proper estimate of the value and importance of the precepts they inculcate. The most casual reader cannot but reap some benefit from a perusal, and if he will follow out even the slightest impression he may have received, he will find himself a wiser and better man. In the preface of the first mentioned work, our author gives due credit to the good results which several similar and very popular books tend to produce, and observes that it is his design 'to contribute something, in addition to what has already been done, to aid this noble class of young men in the prosecution of their object.' He has marked out his own course, and has not entered upon other precincts. Other topics, and other considerations have occupied his attention. Without aiming at 'literary beauty,' he has produced a plain and sensible work which all can readily comprehend, and which cannot fail of being extensively read and circulated.

The 'Manual,' treats of the various duties and responsibilities of young men in a different manner from that of the author of the 'Aid,' and still must have a good effect on the mind of its reader. It contains much that is valuable, but its precepts are inculcated with less force and earnestness. The style and manner is, perhaps, better suited to the generality of readers, but all may be supplied with works of this character adapted to their peculiar tastes. All have the same end in view, though, it is to be expected, they will not follow the same course, as regards particulars, in effecting it. All, too, must have more or less influence in forming the character of the young.

We extract from the 'Manual' the opening chapter, on the 'Importance of intellectual cultivation.'

'No man is obliged to learn and know every thing; this can neither be sought nor required, for it is utterly impossible; yet all persons are under some obligation

to improve their own understanding; otherwise it will be a barren desert, or a forest overgrown with weeds and brambles. Universal ignorance or infinite errors will overspread the mind, which is utterly neglected, and lies without any cultivation.

'Skill in the sciences is indeed the business and profession but of a small part of mankind; but there are many others placed in such an exalted rank in the world, as allows them much leisure and large opportunities to cultivate their reason, and to beautify and enrich their minds with various knowledge. Even the lower orders of men have particular callings in life, wherein they ought to acquire a just degree of skill; and this is not to be done well, without thinking and reasoning about them.

'The common duties and benefits of society, which belong to every man living, as we are social creatures, and even our native and necessary relations to a family, a neighborhood, or government, oblige all persons whatsoever to use their reasoning powers upon a thousand occasions; every hour of life calls for some regular exercise of our judgment, as to time and things; persons and actions; without a prudent and discreet determination in matters before us, we shall be plunged into perpetual errors in our conduct. Now that which should always be practised must at some time be learnt.

'Besides, every son and daughter of Adam has a most important concern in the affairs of a life to come, and therefore it is a matter of the highest moment, for every one is to understand, to judge, and to reason right about the things of religion. It is vain for any to say, we have no leisure or time for it. The daily intervals of time, and vacancies from necessary labor, together with the one day in seven in the Christian world, allow sufficient time for this, if men will but apply themselves to it with half so much zeal and diligence as they do to the trifles and amusements of this life, and it would turn to infinitely better account.

'Thus it appears to be the necessary duty, and the interest of every person living, to improve his understanding, to inform his judgment, to treasure up useful knowledge, and to acquire the skill of good reasoning, as far as his station, capacity, and circumstances, furnish him with proper means for it. Our mistakes in judgment may plunge us into much folly and guilt in practice. By acting without thought or reason, we dishonor the God that made us reasonable creatures, we often become injurious to our neighbors, kindred, or friends, and we bring sin and misery upon ourselves: for we are accountable to God, our judge, for every part of our irregular and mistaken conduct, where he hath given us sufficient advantages to guard against those mistakes.'

The following, on the 'Culture of the judgment,' is much to our mind.

'We have every reason to believe that, though there may be original differences in the power of judgment, the chief source of the actual varieties in this important function is rather to be found in its culture and regulation. On this subject there are various considerations of the highest interest, claiming the attention of those who wish to have the understanding trained to the investigation of truth. These are chiefly referable to two heads; namely, the manner in which the judgment suffers from deficient culture; and the manner in which it is distorted by want of due regulation.

'I. The judgment is impaired by deficient culture. This is exemplified by that listless and indifferent habit of the mind, in which there is no exercise of correct thinking, or of a close and continued application of the attention to subjects of real importance. The mind is engrossed by frivolities and trifles, or bewildered by the wild play of the imagination; and, in regard to opinions on the most important subjects, it either feels a total indifference, or receives them from others without the exertion of thinking or examining for itself. The individuals who are thus affected either become the dupes of sophistical opinions imposed upon them by other men, or spend their lives in frivolous and unworthy pursuits, with a total incapacity for all important inquiries. A slight degree removed from this condition of mind is another, in which opinions are formed on slight and partial examination, perhaps from viewing one side of a question, or, at least, without a full and candid direction of the attention to all the facts which ought to be taken into the inquiry. Both these conditions of mind may perhaps originate partly in constitutional peculiarities or erroneous education; but they are fixed and increased by habit and indulgence, until, after a certain time, they probably become irremediable. They can be corrected only by a diligent cultivation of the important habit which, in common language, we call sound and correct thinking; and which is of equal value, whether it be applied to the formation of opinions, or the regulation of conduct.

'The judgment is vitiated by want of due regulation; and this may be ascribed



chiefly to two sources—prejudice and passion. Prejudice consists in the formation of opinions before the subject has been really examined. By means of this, the attention is misdirected, and the judgment biassed, in a manner of which the individual is often in a great measure unconscious. The highest degree of it is exemplified in that condition of the mind in which a man first forms an opinion which interest or inclination may have suggested; then proceeds to collect arguments in support of it; and concludes by reasoning himself into the belief of what he wishes to be true. It is thus that the judgment is apt to be misled, in a greater or less degree, by party spirit or personal attachments or antipathies; and it is clear that all such influence is directly opposed to its sound and healthy exercise. The same observations apply to passion, or the influence exerted by the moral feelings. The most striking example of this is presented by that depraved condition of the mind, which distorts the judgment in regard to the great principles of moral rectitude. "A man's understanding," says Mr. Locke, "seldom fails him in this part, unless his will would have it so; if he takes a wrong course, it is most commonly because he goes wilfully out of the way, or at least chooses to be bewildered; and there are few, if any, who dreadfully mistake, that are willing to be right."

'These facts are worthy of much consideration, and they appear to be equally interesting to all classes of men, whatever may be the degree of their mental cultivation, and whatever the subjects are to which their attention is more particularly directed. There is one class of truths to which they apply with peculiar force,—namely, those which relate to the moral government of God, and the condition of man as a responsible being. These great truths and the evidence on which they are founded are addressed to our judgment as rational beings; they are pressed upon our attention as creatures destined for another state of existence; and the sacred duty from which no individual can be absolved is a voluntary exercise of his thinking and reasoning powers,—it is solemnly, seriously, and deliberately to consider. On these subjects a man may frame any system as truth; but the solemn inquiry is, not what opinions he has formed but in what manner he has formed them. Has he approached the great inquiry with a sincere desire to discover the truth; and has he brought to it a mind, neither misled by prejudice, nor distorted by the condition of its moral feelings;—has he directed his attention to all the facts and evidences with an intensity suited to their momentous importance; and has he conducted the whole investigation with a deep and serious feeling that it carries with it an interest which reaches into eternity? Truth is immutable and eternal, but it may elude the frivolous or prejudiced inquirer; and, even when he thinks his conclusions are the result of much examination, he may be resting his highest concerns in delusion and falsehood.

'The human mind, indeed, even in its highest state of culture, has been found inadequate to the attainment of the true knowledge of the Deity; but light from heaven has shone upon the scene of doubt and darkness, which will conduct the humble inquirer through every difficulty, until he arrive at the full perception and commanding influence of the truth; or of truth such as human intellect never could have reached, and which, to every one who receives it, brings its own evidence that it comes from God.

'Finally, the sound exercise of judgment has a remarkable influence in producing and maintaining that tranquillity of mind which results from a due application of its powers, and a correct estimate of the relations of things. The want of this exercise leads a man to be unduly engrossed with the frivolities of life, unreasonably elated by its joys, and unreasonably depressed by its sorrows. A sound and well-regulated judgment tends to preserve from all such disproportioned pursuits and emotions. It does so, by leading us to view all present things in their true relations, to estimate aright their relative value, and to fix the degree of attention of which they are worthy:—it does so, in a more especial manner, by leading us to compare the present life, which is so rapidly passing over us, with the paramount importance and overwhelming interest of the life which is to come.'

**TWICE-TOLD TALES.** By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: American Stationer's Company.

The title of this volume indicates its character. It is composed of a number of 'Tales,' most of which have graced the pages of our annuals and periodicals. We seldom have read a volume written in so pure, chaste and simple style as the one before us. It looks like returning to the 'pure wells of English undefiled.'

No writer of the present day comes nearer to Washington Irving than Mr. Hawthorne, and we may yet expect that he will add brighter laurels to his brow as he advances in years. The following extracts from 'A Rill from the Town Pump' will give the reader a good idea of his style.

'Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town-Pump? The title of 'town-treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians on the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

'At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

'It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to tell the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted into steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's bread, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to that elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellar. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on

his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?'

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'Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper'

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'Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business all to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

'There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know, they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

'One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"Success to THE TOWN-PUMP!"'

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ELINOR FULTON. By the author of 'Three Experiments of Living.' Boston: Whipple & Damrell. New York: Samuel Colman.

This is indeed an age of *Experiment* from the highest political functionary of our country, down to the authors of the modest little yellow covers before us. The 'Three Experiments of Living' was spoken of in our last, and the present work is intended as a Sequel. The interest of the former is fully sustained in the latter, and this is sufficient praise. These little works will, we think, prove to be sources of great moral benefit to the community, as well as pecuniary benefit to the authors and publishers. They contain a great deal of good common sense and good advice, which ought not to pass without profit to the reader. The other 'Experiments' will be noticed when received.



## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

**COPYRIGHT.** The March number of the 'American Quarterly Review' contains an able article on this subject. We are glad to see the attention of our leading periodicals aroused, and hope that each and all will devote a portion of their pages to this great question that it may be well canvassed before another session of Congress. As we published in our last the petition of the European authors to our National Legislature, we will now transfer the report of the Committee on the same, who brought in a bill intended to carry their views into effect. They report:—

'That, by the act of congress of 1831, being the law now in force regulating copyrights, the benefits of the act are restricted to citizens or residents of the United States; so that no foreigner, residing abroad, can secure a copyright in the United States for any work of which he is the author, however important or valuable it may be. The object of the address and petition, therefore, is to remove this restriction as to British authors, and to allow them to enjoy the benefits of our law.

'That authors and inventors have, according to the practice among civilized nations, a property in the respective productions of their genius, is incontestable; and that this property should be protected as effectually as any other property is, by law, follows as a legitimate consequence. Authors and inventors are among the greatest benefactors of mankind. They are often dependent, exclusively, upon their own mental labours for the means of subsistence; and are frequently, from the nature of their pursuits, or the constitution of their minds, incapable of applying that provident care to worldly affairs which other classes of society are in the habit of bestowing. These considerations give additional strength to their just title to the protection of the law.

'It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be afforded wherever the property is situated. A British merchant brings or transmits to the United States a bale of merchandise, and the moment it comes within the jurisdiction of our laws, they throw around it effectual security. But if the work of a British author is brought to the United States, it may be appropriated by any resident here, and republished, without any compensation whatever being made to the author. We should be shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property, in the case of the merchandise, whilst those which justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the laws.

'The committee think that this distinction in the condition of the two descriptions of property is not just, and that it ought to be remedied by some safe and cautious amendment of the law. Already the principle has been adopted in the patent laws, of extending their benefits to foreign inventions or improvements. It is but carrying out the same principle to extend the benefit of our copyright laws to foreign authors. In relation to the subjects of Great Britain and France, it will be but a measure of reciprocal justice; for, in both of those countries, our authors may enjoy that protection of their laws for literary property which is denied to their subjects here.

'Entertaining these views, the committee have been anxious to devise some measures which, without too great a disturbance of interests, or affecting too seriously arrangements which have grown out of the present state of things, may, without hazard, be subject to the test of practical experience. Of the works which have heretofore issued from the foreign press, many have already been republished in the United States, others are in progress of republication, and some probably have been stereotyped. A copyright law which should embrace any of these works, might injuriously affect American publishers, and lead to collision and litigation between them and foreign authors.

'Acting, then, on the principles of prudence and caution, by which the committee have thought it best to be governed, the bill which the committee intend proposing provides that the protection which it secures shall extend to those

works only which shall be published after its passage. It is also limited to the subjects of Great Britain and France; among other reasons, because the committee have information that, by their laws, American authors can obtain protection for their productions; but they have no information that such is the case in any other foreign country. But, in principle the committee perceive no objection to considering the republic of letters as one great community, and adopting a system of protection for literary property which should be common to all parts of it. The bill also provides that an American edition of the foreign work for which an American copy right has been obtained, shall be published within reasonable time.

'If the bill should pass, its operation in this country would be to leave the public, without any charge for copyright, in the undisturbed possession of all scientific and literary works published prior to its passage—in other words, the great mass of the science and literature of the world; and to entitle the British or French author only to the benefit of copyright in respect to works which may be published subsequent to the passage of the law.

'The committee cannot anticipate any reasonable or just objection to a measure thus guarded and restricted. It may, indeed, be contended, and it is possible, that the new work, when charged with the expense incident to the copyright, may come into the hands of the purchaser at a small advance beyond what would be its price, if there were no such charge; but this is by no means certain. It is, on the contrary, highly probable that, when the American publisher has adequate time to issue carefully an edition of the foreign work, without incurring the extraordinary expense which he now has to sustain to make a hurried publication of it, and to guard himself against dangerous competition, he will be able to bring it into the market as cheaply as if the bill were not to pass. But, if that should not prove to be the case, and if the American reader should have to pay a few cents to compensate the author for composing a work by which he is instructed and profited, would it not be just in itself? Has any reader a right to the use, without remuneration, of intellectual productions which have not yet been brought into existence, but lie buried in the mind of genius? The committee think not; and they believe that no American citizen would not feel it quite as unjust, in reference to future publications, to appropriate to himself their use, without any consideration being paid to their foreign proprietors, as he would to take the bale of merchandise, in the case stated, without paying for it; and he would the more readily make this trifling contribution, when it secured to him, instead of the imperfect and slovenly book now often used, a neat and valuable work, worthy of preservation.

'With respect to the constitutional power to pass the proposed bill, the committee entertain no doubt, and congress as before stated, has acted on it. The constitution authorises congress 'to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries.' There is no limitation of the power to natives or residents of this country. Such a limitation would have been hostile to the object of the power granted. That object was to promote the progress of science and useful arts. They belong to no particular country, but to mankind generally. And it cannot be doubted that the stimulus which it was intended to give to mind and genius, in other words, the promotion of the progress of science and the arts, will be increased by the motives which the bill offers to the inhabitants of Great Britain and France.

'The committee conclude by asking leave to introduce the bill which accompanies this report.'

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**SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN STANDARD LITERATURE.** Proposals have been issued by Hilliard, Gray, & Co. for publishing a series of volumes, with the above title, to be edited by Rev. George Ripley. The design is thus stated:

'The design of this publication is to present a series of translations from the works of several of the most celebrated writers in the higher departments of German and French literature. It will have special reference to the three leading divisions of Philosophy, History, and Theology; but will also include writings of a popular character, adapted to interest the great mass of intelligent readers.

'It is intended to give faithful translations of those works which have gained a distinguished reputation, which are entitled, by universal consent, to the name of classic productions, and which may be ranked among the most powerful causes, or the most valuable effects of the great intellectual movement that has characterized a portion of the continent of Europe for the last three quarters of a century.

The translations will be accompanied with such original notices, introductory, critical, and biographical, as may be found necessary to adapt them to the wants of our literary public.

'Among the writers, from whom it is proposed to give translations, are Cousin, Benjamin Constant, Jouffroy, and Guizot, in French; and Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jacobi, Lessing, Fichte, Schelling, Richter, Novalis, Uhland, Korner, Holty, Menzel, Neander, Schleiermacher, De Wette, Olshausen, Hase, and Twisten, in German.

'The first two volumes, containing 'Philosophical Miscellanies, from the French of Cousin, Constant, and Jouffroy, with Introductory and Critical Notices,' by the Editor, will be put to press in October next.'

**RUINS OF THE CITY OF AZTALAN.** We copy the following notice from the Springfield Illinois Journal.

Some months ago, we announced on the authority of communications in the 'Chicago American,' that there had been discovered, the waters of Rock River, an extensive ruin, which had been denominated by the discoverers, the ruins of Aztalan. This name was derived from a tradition which was current in Mexico, at the time of Montezuma, that there existed in the Northern part of this Continent, a mighty city, of the name of 'Aztalan.'

The discovery is one of the most extraordinary ever made in this country. The works furnish conclusive evidence that they were erected by a people far advanced in civilization. When? and by whom?—Their erection must have been at a very remote period. It is well known that brick when properly manufactured, is one of the most indestructible substances. The citadel might have been erected at the era of Babylon or the Temple of Belus: and if not, most probably, can claim its construction antecedent to the settlement of Mexico and Peru, by the aboriginal race, and possibly by the ancestors of that race. Whoever built and inhabited this city, are now even lost to tradition—no other memorial exists of that people, than the ruins now referred to. They were in all probability swept away by the Tartar hordes, who followed them to this Continent, now constituting the present race of Indians, and who in their turn must give way to the enterprise, industry and valor of the present Anglo Saxon race.

These however, are but speculations; and the origin, character and fate of a people, who have left such a remarkable testimony of their numbers, their advance in civilization and the arts, must ever remain matter of conjecture.

It is not improbable that these ruins will attract the attention of the curious hereafter. We have already heard the determination expressed by several to visit them. They will certainly afford more matter for speculation and reflection than the most wonderful natural curiosity of our country.

From the Chicago American.

We have received from N. F. HYER, Esq. of Milwaukee, a correct diagram of these ruins, prepared from actual survey, and we confidently furnish it to our readers, as a statement to be relied on.

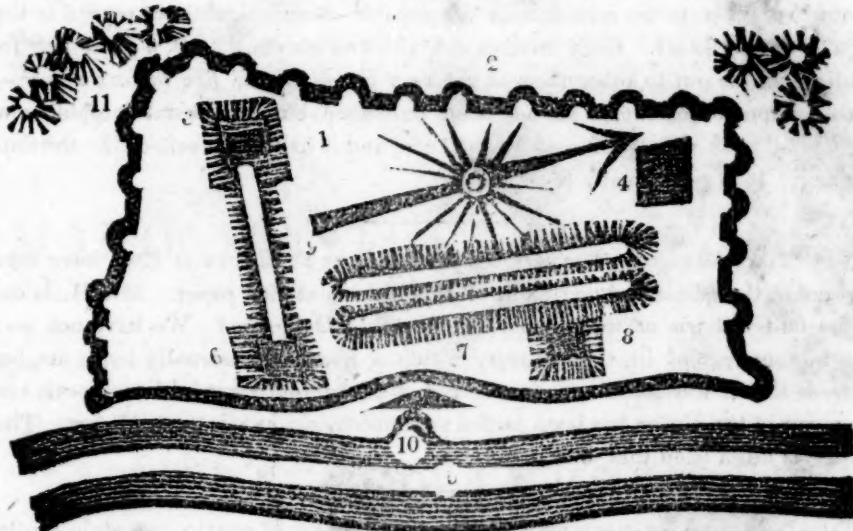
It will be seen that it differs in some respects from the account sometime since published by us, but that account was as correct as could be obtained from the then imperfect and slightly investigated state of the discovery. These ruins from a new and prominent attraction among the many the west affords, and illustrate and confirm some of the theories and opinions of men in relation to the early character of the western territory. Much credit is due to the enterprise and taste of those to whom the public is indebted, for the knowledge and particulars of this discovery; and affording, as it does, a fine field for the research of the antiquarian, illustrates the importance of those scientific institutions that are forming in this new and comparatively unexplored section of our country, for the development of its mysteries and the record of its discoveries. We are gratified to have our former account and opinion of these ruins thus materially confirmed and hope that the enterprise and intelligence of our western citizens, operating upon a spacious theatre, rich in wonders, will cause this to be among the first only in a train of discoveries for future record and admiration.

The enclosed diagram is intended to represent the ruins of the citadel as they now appear, together with some of the surrounding mounds, or tumuli; all which is taken from actual survey and measurement.

These ruins are situated in the town of Jefferson, directly west from Milwaukee, on the West side of the West branch of Rock river, township seven North range fourteen East.



## THE CITADEL.



The weather was very tedious when I surveyed these ruins, and the ground being frozen the examination was not extended so far as I could wish; but I intend to make a more thorough examination in the spring. The walls were originally of the width here described, as they would naturally spread out as they crumbled down; and in measuring the width, I have taken an average as it now appears.

There is much here to indicate that this has once been the location of an ancient walled-city, of some miles in extent; but as I have not examined it sufficiently to give a definite opinion, I will leave the subject to the examination of the antiquarian and the curious: and to them I would say that there has recently been a settlement commenced in the vicinity, where they can pursue their researches, without the necessity of camping out.

[Diagram—about 500 feet to the inch.]

FIGURE 1. represents the brick Wall, which at the base is 23 feet wide, 4 or 5 feet high, and 84 rods in extent.

2. Buttresses, 22 feet wide, and extending beyond the Wall 17 feet.
3. A square Mound or Plain, 15 feet high, and 53 feet square on top.
4. Mound, or elevated Plain, similar to No. 3, except on the top.
5. West Branch of Rock River.
6. Square Mound, with ground leading to the river.
7. Parallel ridges of two feet in height, including a smooth Plain or Road, and extending through the interior of the Fort.
8. Plain with slight elevation.
9. Ridge connecting Mounds, or what might have been Towers.
10. The termination of a Sewer, about 2 feet below the surface and arched with stone.
11. Mounds, varying in size from 3 to 35 feet in height, and from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 14 rods in circumference.

Besides the mounds which appear on the plot, there are many others, of various sizes to the north west.

To the Editor of the *Chicago American*:

SIR: I see by the papers that you have published a description of the Ruins of the ancient City of Aztalan. I have not seen your publication, but suspect that is not quite correct, for at that time no accurate survey had ever been taken; and I am not aware that any description was ever given but that furnished by me; and that being taken from observation merely, was found on actual survey to be somewhat incorrect, but the description above can be relied upon.

Respectfully yours &c.

N. F. HYER.

Milwaukee, Feb. 4. 1837.

FOSTER'S CABINET MISCELLANY. This valuable weekly reprint of works is constantly increasing in excellence. The series comprizes many interesting

works, and its value is to be enhanced in the publication of Prior's 'Life of Goldsmith,' which is to be issued with all possible despatch without regard to the regular day of issual. Each number contains two sheets, 12 mo, a good size for binding, and is put to subscribers at the very cheap rate of *five dollars a year*.—Six or seven volumes have already been published, besides several pamphlets on various subjects of interest and importance, and it has but reached the thirtieth number. It is well worthy of support.

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**NEW YORK MIRROR.** The services of CHARLES F. HOFFMAN Esq. have been secured in the editorial department of this much extolled paper. Mr. H. is one of the editorial trio of the 'American Monthly Magazine.' We have not seen this announcement in the 'Mirror,' which a friend occasionally lends us, but suppose that it was there announced, and with a grand flourish of trumpets, too. No paper in the Union has been puffed so *unmercifully* as this same Mirror. This truth has often been told of it.

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**THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.** Our friend Hsley's neat quarto, in a style similar to the New York Mirror, appeared on the 12th inst. and will be published regularly on Saturdays hereafter. We are right glad to see it, and from the appearance of the number before us, we are inclined to believe it will be a very agreeable miscellany. Success to it. Maine is looking up.

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**THE PORTLAND 'ORION.'** The publisher and proprietor of this paper is highly cheered with the prospect before him. He is fully impressed with the belief that every family in Maine—almost—will take his paper. Well, it would not be a bad choice, if they cannot afford to take the MAINE MONTHLY, which, every one knows, is a pretty fair sort of a periodical for 'Down East.'

But the publisher of the 'Orion' intends, as we have always, to improve his paper as fast as his patronage will admit. One method of doing this is to furnish to his readers interesting letters from the different sections of our country. He has procured a travelling correspondent, who will leave Portland some time in May, on a tour through the Western, North-Western, Northern, and North-Eastern sections of the United States, and his letters will probably throw much light upon the state of the country, and present matter of much interest to the general reader.

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¶ We congratulate our readers upon having it in our power to lay before them communications from such distinguished writers as have contributed to the present number. Our efforts have been more than commensurate with our patronage, and had it been more extensive we should have made such additions to the number of our contributors as would have placed our periodical on an equal footing with the first Magazines of the country. But such times as we have had for a year past admonish us to live within our means, and if the citizens of Maine wish their only Magazine improved, they should come forward with their support. Its present patronage is sufficient, provided subscribers intend to pay and will pay, to sustain it. But great improvements cannot be made without a corresponding increase of subscribers. As fast, therefore, as means will admit, the MAINE MONTHLY MAGAZINE will furnish greater attractions for the reader, but it cannot otherwise.